

COMFORT

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FOR ALL

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The greatest pleasure one could have would be a trip round the world. It is impossible that such an indulgence should be enjoyed by many, but the World's Fair is the next thing to it. There, in a limited space, the sight-seer will gain some idea of every nation on the globe.

He will be able to examine the products and manufactures of all countries; to get a good idea of the atmosphere, architecture, and inhabitants of far distant climes, and to see how foreigners live at home, how they look, and how they work.

Not only will the visitor see the many thousands of articles produced by the lands of which he knows best, he will see articles from lands of which he has heard but vaguely. There are represented the industries and the art of England, a country of factories; there France has sent her rare china, her silks, and all the luxuries for which she is famous; there Germany will show all her myriads of toys. But the more fascinating shows will be those from countries of which one knows but little.

Japan exhibits all the art which is the every day life of the subjects of the Mikado. There the Hindoos have sent their rare carvings; there are exquisite examples of Benares brass. Sweden has sent all the treasures of her Museum, and Spain has contributed a realistic coffee plantation. Streets of Cairo and Tunis are reproduced, with their shops full of eastern wares, and natives in their brilliant costumes in attendance. There are a Moorish palace, a section of Constantinople, and a Polynesian village. There are reproductions of two famous Irish castles, about which are grouped the cottages of the Irish peasants, in which the inmates are busy making lace. There are cycloramas of Switzerland and of the storied Rhine.

One can study the architecture of the world, can hear as many tongues as were confused at the Tower of Babel, can study the costumes of other lands, even to that of the great female warriors of Africa, the Amazons of the King of Dahomey. Those who cannot hope to make a trip about the world, have almost experienced all such a journey would give them, and those who can go are the better prepared for it. Such a visit will contribute in the future as well as in the present to one's self-respect as well as to one's intellectual comfort.

THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE.

C. E. Barnes, First Prize.

S. M. Hazlett, Second Prize.

Rose Seelye-Miller, Third Prize.

F. E. Palmer, Fourth Prize.

A WILD HONEY-HUNTER'S LUCK.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHAS. EDWARD BARNES.

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THERE are many curious occupations in the world, but quite the strangest of any you might name is that of "honey-hunting." The trade, so far as I know, is confined to Ceylon where the Tamils ply it in the wild jungles, as vast quantities of the comb are found in caverns in the cliffs, probably the fruit of centuries of labor and waiting for that winter which never comes. Bee-chasers become very expert; and whenever they see a bee making his proverbial straight line for the cliffs, the direction is taken, and sometimes tons

of sweetness are found.

One February afternoon on our return tour through the buried Buddhist cities of northern Ceylon, I was seated cosily in my *dak* bungalow smoking, when an unusual commotion among the attendants who have charge of the elephants, bullocks and provisions on the march, aroused me. Three Tamils, swarthy, unkempt brutes whose bronze backs glistened in the fierce sunlight, were the centre of a small native riot which was so much more serious than their ordinary quarrels, that I commanded the men before me. I found that all three were wild-honey hunters who had journeyed down from the far-away city of Anaradja-pooru, sleeping in the tree-tops by night, accomplishing the feat in three days. Amazed at this extraordinary energy, I was still more astonished, when, after repeated threats alternating with coaxings, I found out the real reason of their mad flight from the jungles to civilization.

It seems that a few days before they were scaling the cliff-side in search of honey—which, let me pause to say, the savages use to embalm their dead with, as well as to eat, honey containing almost the only salt attainable to them—when one of their number, upon a dizzy ledge of rock, sat down to rest. Suddenly he

looked up just in time to see a screaming magpie leave her nest above him; and, as the day's labor had brought no reward, and magpies' nests often held some glittering trinket stolen from the valleys, the poor fellow further risked his life to attain the spot. He found the nest full of young magpies; but thrusting them aside, explored the bottom of the nest. Magpies not only rob human beings now and then, but actually rob each other, and beads have been found two hundred miles in the interior, worn once upon a time, by fisher-maidens by the sea. Bits of glass, bright shells, and a scrap of tin-foil were all that rewarded the climber until he drew forth a glittering thing which made his eyes almost leap from their sockets. It was a diamond necklace!

Had not the poor savage thought that perhaps the bright yellow metal was gold, he would not have so precipitated his flight to the valley, joining his comrades; but when one of the wiser saw the lustreless jewels he bought the treasure for some barbaric trinket, and started on a dead run, followed at the heels by the other two, over the difficult and perilous road toward civilization, the necklace bound up in the coils of his long black hair. It was in our camp where they stopped for rice and arrack, that the find

was disclosed, and the greed of the wiser ones of my own service, I am sorry to say, occasioned the quarrel.

Bit by bit, I got this strange history, with all the savage gestures and intonations. The poor fellows crouched about me as I examined the priceless treasure with its antique setting and quaint clasp, not knowing whether they were to be rewarded or killed for their pains. I reassured them, however, and assumed the double role of protector of the treasure, and rewarder for the finders, setting about to find the heirs of the real owners of the mysterious trove. I discovered, by microscopic examination, the name of the London jeweler who made the setting. Three months later, being in London myself, I sought out their successors. The firm which had set the diamonds had gone out of trade in 1831. I then found that the Governor of Ceylon, during that troublesome period, was Sir Francis Bentley, whose descendants still held the old home in Devonshire. It was there, after weeks of arduous search through the family records of the baronet, happily attended in my quest by the beautiful grand-niece of the illustrious man himself, that I happened upon the fragment of a diary which ran thus:

"... and Lady Bentley, almost distracted, resumes the search to-day. The Kaudian King, beside himself with rage that so valuable a jewel should disappear in his household while his lady was his honored guest for the afternoon, has not only commanded a most rigorous search, but has actually put to death the attendant who had charge of his lady's garments temporarily, and caused four other native servants to be tortured into confession—all to no avail. He fears that we suspect him of conniving with the servants, and is beside himself. I have dispatched my secretary to him, requesting that he cease his cruelties and let the matter drop; but the whole English quarter, it seems, has gone into mourning, and Lady Bentley herself is overcome with chagrin. Surely, 'God moves in a mysterious way'..."

Of course, tragical as was the outcome, we were delighted to find this authentic record, which was soon supplemented by further ledgers of the old jeweler where the date and value of the setting were found, with a cursory description of the jewels. It proved, consequently, that the valuable gems rightfully now belonged to my fair helpmate in the search, who was the sole heir to the baronet's estates through her father's inheritance. It was on the terrace overlooking the glad English valleys that I clasped the lady's face about that fair neck, leaving it there—and my heart too. The long days of search and mutual interest had accomplished all; and when I was about to depart, I found myself helplessly, hopelessly in love. She could not have divined the meaning of my ardent glances, for when I looked into her sweet face, she said, "Ah, Sir Francis was right; 'God does move in a mysterious way!'"

"But there is one other," said I, "who in this instance has worked wonders quite as mysterious. Can you not guess?"

Her warm, brown eyes only widened with a questioning glance.

"That other is Love!" said I bravely. For a moment she regarded me; her cheeks suddenly flushed; and as I tried to clasp her hands, she fled into the mansion.

But I, too, had learned a lesson from the wise wild-honey hunter; and so, climbed after the honey-laden bee, finding her in the quaint little study-room overlooking the valley. And there on that sweet hour I found my storehouse of honey—the kiss of red lips, the joy of a vow of confidence and trust, and a bosom overflowing with the sweetness of a tender woman's love.

I sent the Tamils twice the sum I had bargained for, prompted by a sense of gratitude for my own undeserved reward.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY S. M. HAZLETT.

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SO you fellows don't believe in spirits?" said Hank Staver, the veteran engineer, to the group of railroad men in the round house. "But you would believe in them if you had had the experience I did. I never believed in such things," continued Hank, "until, not only my life but the lives of my passengers, were saved in a mysterious way; and now I am a firm believer in spirits."

"How was that, Hank?" said a man in the group who answered to the name of "Frenchy."

"Well, it came about in this way," he began, seating himself on the step of the locomotive. "The story I am about to relate happened about six years ago, just two years after the death of my elder brother James. Jim and I were great chums, more so than brothers usually are. I thought a great deal of him, and I believe my affection was fully returned. He always believed that the spirits of the dead could return to earth, but I declared that it was all sheer nonsense, and then he would laugh at me."

"After he was taken with his last sickness, we had many a talk together. He often said that after his death he would return in spirit and make his presence known to me if possible. I tried to cheer him up, telling him he would get well, and although I did not believe in this nonsense, as I called it, I humored him, as I saw he was very much in earnest."

"Soon he died. It was a hard blow to me as he was the dearest friend I had on earth, and the rest of my immediate relations were dead. I was running the New Orleans express on what was known as the overland route. My run was between Mounds and Water Valley. Jim had ridden over the road on the engine with me several times. Along the road where I ran was a place called Payson. Near it, not fifty feet from the track, was a cemetery. Jim saw this one moonlight night and remarked that when he died he wanted to be buried there. I passed it every night and he thought he would be near me. I laughed at him, but when he was dead his words came back and I buried him in the Payson cemetery. On moonlight nights while passing Payson, I could see the newly made grave where he lay, and it always brought fresh tears to my eyes."

"Nothing eventful happened till about two years after his death. I was thinking of him one night as I walked down to the round house to get out Engine 926. My train was due to leave at 11 o'clock. At 10.30 I took the engine out, backed her down to the depot and coupled her on to the train. I felt a nervous presentiment, as if something were going to happen to me, as I sat in the cab waiting for the signal to go. Presently the conductor called 'all aboard,' and gave the signal. We were soon spinning along at a good rate, leaving the city with its lights and shadows far behind. As our speed increased and we got well on our way, my spirits rose somewhat, al-

though I could not wholly shake off the uneasy presentiment. The night was intensely black. I could hardly see 50 feet ahead of the engine. On! on! we sped, and soon reached Payson. We were not scheduled to stop there, so I did not shut off steam. As we passed the cemetery, I looked over as was my custom. But the night was so intensely dark I could see nothing but the white monuments, here and there, standing like spectres guarding the quiet city of the dead. We passed it in a minute and were soon out of sight. The night was very warm and I had the cab window open. About five miles further on, was a wooden bridge crossing a small stream. It was not very deep but the bridge was about 75 feet long. As we neared this stream I felt a touch on my right arm. My hand was on the throttle. I turned around thinking it was the fireman, but not so. He was sitting in his seat. Instinctively I seemed to feel my brother sitting in the seat with me and whispering in my ear to stop before crossing the bridge. I tried to shake off the feeling and intended to pull the throttle wider and give her more steam. We were now about a mile from the bridge. I again felt the touch on my arm. This time it seemed to shove my hand against the throttle, shutting off the steam. The momentum of the train grew slower and slower. I seemed to hear my brother whispering in my ear:

"Put on the air-brake! put on the air-brake!"

"I put my hand on the air-brake lever and brought the train to a stop about 50 feet from the bridge. The fireman looked over at me inquiringly. I hardly knew myself why I had stopped. I must admit I felt rather ashamed."



"As I knew the conductor would soon come out to see why I stopped, and not wishing to meet him, I jumped down and ran ahead with my torch to the bridge. The rails across it were in place although a little sagged. But the whole wooden under-structure of the bridge had been entirely burned. Nothing remained but a few embers on the shore of the stream below. I shuddered as I thought of the awful wreck that would have occurred had I not been warned. The conductor came up and inquired how I had come to stop. I told him I could not explain it, not wishing to tell this story I have given you, as I thought he would not believe it."

"We backed the train to Payson and notified the Superintendent so that all trains from the opposite direction could be held. Then getting help and material, we took them to the bridge, on the engine. It was noon the next day before they had it repaired temporarily so trains could pass."

"I ran on that same run for three years after, that and each night as we passed the cemetery at Payson, I seemed to feel that my brother shared my seat with me, and rode always as far as the bridge. And each night as I neared the cemetery, I instinctively made room on the seat for him. I firmly believe to this day it was the spirit of my dead brother. Do you wonder now that I believe in spirits?"

MISS HETTY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ROSE SEELYE-MILLER.

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IT was so fortunate," chirped Miss Hetty. "It was so fortunate, and such a sale at the end of the day too, when one would naturally suppose the trade over. It really was providential, it really was." And Miss Hetty picked up some imaginary scraps from the neat floor, and did bits of needless tidying in the little shop, which was all too unaccustomed to the tread of feet, and the litter of trade.

"It was so fortunate," she again chirped, after going into the little back room she called home. "I don't know but it would seem foolish to other folks, but I do like to celebrate this anniversary, just the same. Well, no; not just the same, but then, set it apart and hallow it like, and somehow make it seem different than the other days, though I'm sure I'd never complain of any day. For in spite of John's not coming back, I know he would have come if he could; and then I've really been so favored of Providence always, always enough; and always on this anniversary, I've had so much, so much, that I could ask some one to share my dinner. And so have the pleasure of company, and such recreation it is, too." And Miss Hetty, chirping to herself, busied her hands daintily, building a fire, putting on the kettle, and doing other little housewifely duties.

"And now I must just run up to the Miss Teeterses, and ask them if they will favor me by coming in to tea; and then I'll go around to the grocery, and get some real tea, and some sugar, and then to the baker's for a loaf and some cakes, y-e-s, I really think we may have some cakes, they will be such a treat." And she tied her tiny bonnet under her chin that still had a dimple, though Miss Hetty was past forty. Her cheeks too were softly pink, and her brown hair waved back from her forehead, in a way that would have been quite bewitching in a younger maiden.

Her errands were finished and the two Miss Teeterses arrived soon after Miss Hetty returned. She had added to the bill of fare some lamb chops, an unheard-of extravagance to the three maiden ladies for whom these delicacies were preparing.

Miss Hetty busied herself setting the little table, drawing it as near the blazing fire as might be, for its genial warmth, and to be handy to the teapot after sitting down. The lamb chops sizzled and fried over the fire, and Miss Hetty and the two Miss Teeterses chirped. Miss Hetty told them all about the wonderful sale that had come, "just at night when one would think the trade of the day about over."

"A man came and bought all those ribbons and things," ejaculated the elder Miss Teeters. "A man!" repeated Miss Teeters the younger. "It really was wonderful, and so providential too," said Miss Hetty. "I couldn't well see his face, but what does that matter? He wore such a big hat."

Miss Hetty always emphasized her adjectives. "And his voice really was pleasant, making me think of Jack, who would have come back if he could, and this is the anniversary of The Day," said Hetty brightly, the shell pink of her cheeks deepening, and her eyes very bright.

"Providential, indeed!" Miss Teeters the elder remarked sagely, taking the cup of tea Miss Hetty handed her.

"Providential!" re-echoed Miss Teeters the younger, who was seldom known to make an original remark. The meal progressed in the most cheerful manner, Miss Hetty doing the honors in a way really charming to her two guests. "Another cake, Miss Teeters?" "No more, thank you; I've eaten such a meal," and Miss Teeters the elder wiped her mouth daintily on the napkin made from a worn out cloth, apparently perfectly unconscious that it was not the finest dolly.

"Such a meal!" and Miss Teeters the younger followed her worthy sister's example. "A bit of something warm is so appetizing these cold nights," Miss Teeters the elder said, quite drawn out of herself by the tea and bit of lamb chop. A knock at the outer door prevented Miss Teeters the younger from making her testimony to the same effect, and rather startled the three not youthful maidens, who had been drinking their tea in the most utter unconsciousness that a man was striding that way, and was at that very moment knocking at the door.

Miss Hetty took the one lamp and went into the passage with some trepidation. "It was such an unusual occurrence," she was saying to herself. She started back a little as the open door revealed her customer of a few hours before. "Ah, he wants to change some of those ribbons or something," thought Miss Hetty. "Men don't always know what their women folks want." With this thought in her mind, she invited him to enter.

He accepted the invitation with alacrity, and was soon seated in the little room making himself quite agreeable to the three.

After he had drunk a cup of tea he launched into his errand. "Well now, Mesdames," he said, bowing to all three, "you may well wonder what brings me here; but this lady," he bowed to Miss Hetty, "served me with such patience this afternoon, that, having a delicate errand to do for an old friend, I just thought maybe she might give me a little aid. You see I met a man in Australia who had gone there with the hope of making his fortune. He had hard luck for awhile, and when he wrote to his sweetheart, at the time appointed for him to come back, to know whether he should come or not, he received no reply. This broke the poor fellow up so, that he grew reckless and did not care what he did, so he went away to India to the war. He was lost sight of for a great while. His friend who had been trying to find him for years, had a letter for him. It was from the girl who he thought did not care for him unless he was rich. It was just the nicest letter. There you have it, ma'am," handing the letter to Miss Hetty. "I am trying to find the writer."

The shell pink in Miss Hetty's cheeks paled as she saw the letter she had written John Hunter so many long years ago. She looked at the two Miss Teeterses, then at the man. Miss Teeters the elder, seeing her embarrassment came and looked over her shoulder. Miss Hetty ran her index finger along the last line. The name was her own.

"Why, it's Miss Hetty herself!" exclaimed the elder Miss Teeters.

"Miss Hetty," echoed Miss Teeters the younger.

"Not you, ma'am?" queried the man.

"It's my name," faltered Miss Hetty, the shell pink deepening in her cheeks.

"Jack left something for you," continued the man. "You wouldn't fret, now, after all these years, to know he'd married, lost his wife, died, and left three children which—"

"Which you have brought to me," put in Miss Hetty.

"Well, if he left plenty of money along with them—"



"Jack," cried Miss Hetty. "Hetty," exclaimed the man, and gathered her in his arms. The two Miss Teeterses quietly slipped away. "It's not true about the wife and children?" gasped Miss Hetty. "Not a word of truth. But the wife must be made true very soon."

"But the shop?" interrogated Miss Hetty.

"Throw the key away," Jack advised.

"Or give it to the two Miss Teeterses," said Hetty thoughtfully.

"It's just like a novel," the elder Miss Teeters averred.

"Like a novel," assented the younger.

And it was. Hetty and Jack were married quietly, and the shell pink in her cheeks looked very pretty amid the soft folds of lace about her throat; and the dimples in her chin never looked more girlish than they did on the wedding day of the sweet and patient little woman whose faith in Jack had never wavered. And they always celebrated the anniversary that Miss Hetty had liked to "set apart and hallow."

A RACE FOR A LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY F. E. PALMER.

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IN the month of April, nearly fifteen years ago, I started with a companion from Jacksonport, Ark., to make the trip overland to Western Kansas.

We were both accustomed to horseback riding, and as our route lay directly across the Ozark mountains, we reduced our wardrobes until two pairs of saddle-bags were large enough to hold all our earthly belongings, so far as personal property was concerned. Then, each mounted on a wiry mountain pony, we set forth with light hearts, prepared to make a lead mine of any robber who attempted to intercept us, or to pursue any adventure that did not lead us too far from our path.

We averaged about twenty-five miles a day when in the saddle, but owing to rainy weather, and favorite wayside inns and farm houses, which frequently tempted us to remain guests for several days at a time, our ponies gained flesh steadily instead of losing it, and no doubt congratulated themselves daily upon having secured such excellent masters.

But it is merely of an incident of that journey I wish to write—an incident which to this day remains (NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va. @

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COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

W.E.Skinner,325 Washington St.Boston,Mass



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HAVE been asked to tell COMFORT readers what I know about housekeeping. The subject is an inexhaustible one, and it sometimes seems to me that women treat it too lightly. I fancy I hear a chorus of voices exclaiming, "Treat it lightly! It is the burden and trial of my life!" Exactly so, dear friend, and will continue to be until you reduce it to a system, and thus lessen your burdens by one-half.

It is to help you to do this that COMFORT issues these monthly papers from women whose experience and whose study into the domestic problem give them reason to believe they have something helpful to say. COMFORT, as you know, enters over twelve hundred thousand homes. It goes all over this vast land. In localities so wide apart methods of housekeeping differ, no doubt, in some minor details, but the essentials are the same. Wherever there are homes there are meals to be got, usually

servants to be looked after, a regular routine of work to be gone through with, and the reader of COMFORT, East, or West, cannot fail to find something in these "Household Hints" that will apply to her particular case.

If I have one special hobby in housekeeping above another, one thing I lay more stress upon than anything else, it is to have my family furnished with a pleasing variety in good bread. Bread is called the "staff of life"; but in too many households it is but a broken reed. It is astonishing what some women let pass in their families for good bread. Bread may be white and light, and yet not be good bread. If it has stood so long rising that the sweetness has all gone out of it it is not good bread. If it is very spongy, and dry as sawdust, it is not good bread. If the oven is too hot and the crust has been formed before the inside of the loaf had a chance to bake properly it is not good bread. If you can take up a little piece of the inside of the loaf and roll it up into a dough ball in your fingers it is not good bread.

I find, however, that people's ideas about good bread differ widely. One likes it a little slack baked; another would have it done brown. One likes it moist; another likes it very dry. One mixes it with milk; another with water. One prefers yeast; another baking powder. There is no accounting for tastes, and I suppose it is fortunate we don't all think alike. It has been a matter of interest to me to collect from friends whom I consider excellent housekeepers their favorite recipes for bread, muffins, etc., and compare them with my own. In this article I will give, as far as space will allow, some valuable bread recipes out of which, I am sure, every puzzled housekeeper can find something suited to the taste of her own household.

In the first place, do you make your own yeast? Where the Vienna or the Fleischman yeast cakes are procurable that seems an unnecessary trouble, but for those women who are out of the way of these conveniences, or who prefer home-made yeast, the following well-tested recipe will be found simple and satisfactory.

Two good-sized raw potatoes, peeled; one heaping teaspoonful of dried hops; one quart of cold water; one tablespoonful of flour; one even tablespoonful of salt; the same of sugar; one cup of yeast, or one yeast cake. Boil the water, hops, and potatoes until the latter are very soft, then strain over the salt, flour and sugar. Stir until perfectly smooth, and when lukewarm add the yeast and let it stand in a warm place until well risen. Some housekeepers think the yeast is stronger if it is stirred down three or four times after it has partly risen. It should be kept air tight in glass jars or stone jugs.

There is a little joke which has been circulated to that extent it has become extremely hackneyed—the adage, in fact, about the unhappy wife whose husband is always referring to his mother's cooking, with complimentary reflections on that of his wife. In our family I have rather reversed this, and, taking the bull by the horns, it is I who complain that nothing tastes as good at home as it does at my mother-in-law's table. Several years ago I got into an extreme state of disgust over the bread that was made in our own kitchen, and I announced my determination to go to my husband's mother and find out how her bread was made. I went; I saw; I conquered the difficulty; and for six months or more I made the bread with my own hands after the recipe she gave me, and never once did I fail to have perfect bread. This is the rule I followed:

Dissolve one-third of a two cent yeast cake in one-half cup of lukewarm water; measure out two quarts of flour; sift into a bread bowl or pan a good three pints of it; stir into this one even teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, then rub in with the hands one heaping tablespoonful of lard, costolene, or butter. When the yeast is dissolved pour it into the middle of the flour. Have ready a pitcher of water, lukewarm in winter, and in hot weather just the chill off, and stir this gradually into the flour with the yeast, using a strong, long-handled iron spoon, until the dough is of right consistency to use the hands. Have ready in the flour sifter, which should be set on a plate, the remaining flour and sift a little on the board. Turn out the bread on the board and knead, using the flour in the sifter to keep it from sticking. Knead at least fifteen minutes, then put back into the bread bowl. Cover with several thicknesses of cloth, unless you are so fortunate as to own one of those convenient bread bowls with perforated cover which protect the dough from dust, keep it from getting hard and dry on top, or forming a crust while it is rising, and are very much cleaner and neater than the bread cloths which press upon the top of the dough and have to be scraped off after using. If one cannot buy the regular bread bowl any tinman can make a cover to fit the bowl in use, and make a dozen holes around the top of it to give the needed ventilation.



COVERED BREAD BOWL.

And in this connection let me speak of another useful article one need not go to the expense of buying if there is some member of the family with a talent for home carpentry. Every housekeeper ought to own a wooden bread plate. In many families the mistress of the house prefers to cut new bread on the table as it is wanted (which is indeed the only right way to do), thus saving an accumulation of dry slices of bread. These plates are not only useful, but ornamental. They are large enough to cut the loaf on comfortably and they are handsomely bordered, sometimes with a conventional figure in carved work, sometimes with a motto carved out in the wood, such as, "The Staff of Life," "Waste not, Want not," "Cut and Come Again," "Half a Loaf is Better than no Bread," "Give us this Day our Daily Bread," etc.

But this is a digression from our perfect bread-making. The work at night is not, by any means, the most particular part of it. You must look after it betimes in the morning, and get it ready for the second rising. If you are so hurried you cannot attend to it as soon as you come down stairs, and it has risen to the top of the pan, cut it down, and let it rise in the pan again. Remember that after bread has well risen it loses sweetness and flavor by standing. When ready to mould it into loaves, before breakfast if possible, turn it out again on the board and knead for ten or fifteen minutes. It also improves it very much to roll out long and chop it with the meat chopper several times. If more flour is needed there will be enough left in the flour sifter, but do not use any more than is necessary. Have ready one shallow pan and two deep ones. Make small rolls or biscuits to fill the shallow pan, and divide the remainder of the dough into halves, making two loaves. Let them all rise again until light, then bake at least three quarters of an hour for the loaves, and half an hour for the biscuits.

When the bread is first put into the oven the heat should not be greatest but should increase for about ten minutes, remain at a steady temperature for fifteen minutes, then decrease until the bread is done. Be sure it is done before you take it out. It should separate from the sides of the pan, and be a delicate brown all over. Set it on wire sieves to cool so that there will be a circulation of air all around it. Do not cover it, and do not set it away until it is thoroughly cold.

I have given this valuable recipe in most careful detail, and no one who follows it need have poor bread unless something is very wrong about the yeast, the flour, or the oven. If any one prefers milk bread the following is an excellent rule:

Take a scant quart of milk just warm and dissolve in it one-half cake of compressed yeast, one tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. Warm slightly two



WOODEN BREAD PLATE.

quarts of flour, make a hole in the center and pour in this mixture. Work the flour into it gradually with the hands until it can be kneaded. Knead well, then set to rise in a warm place, and it ought to be light in two hours in summer and four in winter.

When risen to twice its original size cut down, knead, and put into pans as in the preceding recipe. This rule makes very nice tea rolls.

Besides the man who is always complaining that nothing now is equal to what his mother's cooking used to be, there are those who go farther back into the years and declare that it was in their grand-mother's day only that women knew how to cook. I heard the other day a gray-haired man lamenting that Johnny cake he ate in childhood. Perhaps his youthful appetite added something to the flavor, but however that may be, no doubt there were good cooks in those days whose greatest ambition was to look well to the ways of their households. I have some of those old family recipes which were handed to me, yellow with age, and amongst them was a recipe for the old-fashioned "THIRD BREAD," as it was made by a grandmother noted for her excellent cooking. This is the rule:

Five cups of rye and three cups of white flour; one teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of sugar; one scant tablespoonful of butter; one cup of yeast (or one-half yeast cake dissolved in a small cup of lukewarm water); one quart of lukewarm water. Put the rye and the white flour sifted into a mixing bowl; stir in the salt, sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds if they are liked; rub in the butter; pour the yeast into the center and add the water gradually, mixing thoroughly. Rise over night. In the morning knead stiff, put into pans, and bake without rising again.

I must cut my remarks upon bread short, right here, though I did mean to give my pet recipes for graham bread, German coffee bread, and brown bread; but they will keep, and I want to say something about breakfast. I will begin with the beverage that to many people is the important feature of the morning's meal—coffee. If you will buy the very best mixed coffee roasted, but not ground, and grind it yourself as you use it in the old-fashioned coffee mill such as is fastened to the wall, and having ground it very fine, and measuring one tablespoonful to a cup, make it in the style of coffee pot seen in the illustration (where it is filtered and not boiled), you ought to have good coffee. Not, however, if the water used is not simmering; it must be boiling hard when it is poured into the coffee pot. Turn it in gradually, and let it stand a few minutes on the stove, but not long enough for the flavor to evaporate. Serve with cream or hot milk.

Do not fail to begin breakfast with some kind of fruit. Oranges, apples, grapes or pears are best. Of course there are people who cannot, or who think they cannot, do this, but for those who can it is better than medicine, and children, particularly, should be brought up to it. A great many families consider oatmeal indispensable to the morning meal, and I think every breakfast table should have either oatmeal, hominy, wheat meal, or some other cereal, although I believe it is the fact now for physicians to decry this favorite morning fare, which a few years ago they zealously advocated. The greatest objection to the cereal foods I know of is that often they are not properly cooked. When oatmeal, for instance, is clammy, or underdone, it is an indigestible mass. I have tried every preparation of it and have never found any that could be cooked in ten or fifteen minutes, as sometimes is claimed for them. I have



FILTER COFFEE POT.

those quick preparations soaked in cold water and set in a double kettle on the back of the stove, where the water cannot dry away, all night. They will then finish cooking in twenty minutes or half an hour before breakfast.

A plate of stale bread, both white and graham, or rye, should always be in readiness for the breakfast table, toasted and buttered if the family prefer it so, also a plate of delicious light muffins, rolls, or gems; and these latter should be varied frequently. There is no need of treating the family to the same recipe four or five times in the week; however good it may be it will grow monotonous in time. Let me tell you of two or three kinds of muffins you can have this month, and perhaps next month will bring fresh suggestions. This one is a favorite in our family, and I named it DELICATE MUFFINS.

One egg, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of shortening, one even teaspoonful of salt, two heaping tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, one cup and two-thirds of flour, two teaspoonfuls, not heaping, of baking powder. Bake in buttered muffin pans in a quick oven. The muffin pans should be only half filled. Strawberries are to be had almost everywhere in the month of June and here is a delightful treat for the family.

STRAWBERRY MUFFINS:—Sift two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder into one quart of flour; add an even teaspoonful of salt; cream one heaping tablespoonful of butter with the same of sugar; add to this the beaten yolks of three eggs, and two cups of sweet milk; beat in the flour, and lastly the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in muffin rings in a hot oven. When done split, butter, and fill with sweetened strawberries, if the berries are sour wash, cover with sugar, and let them stand an hour or two before using.

This same recipe may also be used for STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE, and makes a very delicious dessert. The best tin to use for this purpose that I have ever seen is the "Perfection Cake Tin," made by the Richardson Manufacturing Co., Bath, N. Y. All housekeepers know the importance, and oftentimes the difficulty of getting a very light cake out of the pan in good condition. In this new and bright invention you have simply to set your pan, when you take it from the oven, on top of a tumbler or bowl, and the rim drops down on the table, leaving your cake on the bottom of the pan, from which it can be easily removed without breaking. With this removable bottom to a pan there is no more trouble about digging out a cake with a knife, and spoiling the edges of it. These tins are cheap and are easily obtainable as they may be sent by mail.

Another variety for breakfast is RYE SHORTCAKE. For this take one cup of white flour, and one cup of rye meal, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one cup of sweet milk, or enough milk to make a dough that can be easily rolled out. Mix well together, roll out half an inch thick, cut into rounds, and bake in a hot oven. When baked split open and butter, or pour over real cream if you have it, or a cream made of one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Scald the milk in a double boiler, and when it is skimmed over stir in the cornstarch previously rubbed smooth in a little cold milk, and the melted butter. This recipe for Rye Shortcake can be changed into graham muffins by substituting a cup of graham flour for the rye meal.

And now I have reached the end of my space and have got no further than muffins, when I meant to tell you of some excellent breakfast dishes made from eggs, and from left-over meat. Well, it is ever thus! We are always falling just a little short of our expectations—and the world goes on just the same.

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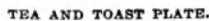
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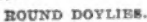
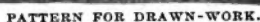
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Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.



China-painting was never more popular than at present. One of the prettiest new things in this line is a tea and toast plate. This has an oblong extension at one side—as in our illustration—in which there is a slight hollow exactly fitting the bottom of a teacup. Plate and cup are painted to match, and make a delight-

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

THE MISSING FINGER.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ZACK Z. ZOXY.

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I HAVE a strange story to tell; and I tell it without comment, as, indeed, I needs must, having none to offer.

One summer I spent my vacation at a little city on the western shore of Lake Michigan. It was past midnight when I arrived at my destination. The rain was falling, the wind blowing, and the night intensely dark; yet the streets of the city were crowded and the hotel where I stopped was filled with a throng of excited men, women, and children. Evidently some terrible thing had occurred which had stirred the feelings and passions of the people to their deepest depths.

I was not kept long in suspense. George Strong, one of the city's most valued young men, had disappeared mysteriously and under circumstances that made foul play almost certain. To add, if possible, to the mystery and terrible nature of the affair, he was to have been married at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the following day.

George Strong was a stranger to me; yet, from the first, I took an unaccountable interest in his fate and joined as earnestly in the search, as I would if he had been my dearest friend. I felt just as if it was my duty to solve this mystery. I cannot tell why, I only know that such were my feelings.

During the search I came to know a young man by the name of Harry Wilson, the most tireless and persevering of all the searchers. Nothing that promised a solution of the mystery seemed too much for him to do. I was told that he had been one of George Strong's dearest friends. Indeed, no one could have appeared more grieved over the loss of a friend than did he over the disappearance of George Strong.

For some reason, I know not why, Harry Wilson avoided me. Whenever I approached a group of men with whom he was talking, he would at once become silent and soon move away. I tried several times to enter into conversation with him, but never succeeded; yet he was always social and pleasant to others. He never looked me directly in the face, but I soon learned that he watched me closely. Several times, on looking suddenly up, I caught his black glittering eyes resting upon me, with a look of dread and hatred in them, that I, a total stranger to him, could not account for. The moment my eyes would meet his, he would look in another direction.

There was another peculiarity in his behavior toward me that struck me as very queer. I could never get a sight of his left hand. In whatever direction I approached, he would invariably turn so as to conceal this hand from me. I learned that on the night of the day of Strong's disappearance he had lost the little finger of his left hand, by the accidental discharge of a revolver, it was said.

I could not understand why he should thus avoid me, a stranger to him, nor could I see any reason why he should hide, with so much care, his left hand from me.

My interest in the affair constantly increased as day after day went by without the discovery of any trace of the missing man. I felt just as if I could and would somehow solve the mystery. The more despondent others became, the stronger grew this feeling. Something outside of myself urged me on.

On the day the search was given up, I felt that a great responsibility had been placed upon me. I tried to shake this feeling off, but could not. When night came and I went to bed, I was nervous and restless and did not get to sleep until after midnight; and then my slumbers were broken by dreams, or rather, visions so vivid and terrible that I shudder even now to recall them.

One, I shall never forget. I seemed to see standing in the open doorway of my room the form of George Strong, beckoning me as if it wished me to follow it. I had never seen George Strong; yet, somehow, I at once recognized the form as his. The face was ghastly pale and streaked with blood. The eyes were sunken and fixed and stared into mine, with a look of ghastly horror in them which seemed to freeze the very marrow in my bones. The teeth were shut tightly together and from the compressed lips drops of blood were slowly oozing. The hair, which was quite long and black, was dripping with moisture, and from the clothes drops of water fell with a monotonous pattering, patter, upon the floor. The form looked just as if it had arisen from a watery grave.

All this appeared with the vividness of a reality. My soul seemed striving to respond to the invitation of the beckoning hand. I arose up in bed, as if to obey, when the act awakened me, and I sank back shivering with horror.

This vision drove all sleep from my eyes and filled me with dread. I arose but could not get rid of the impression which it had made. I no longer saw the form of George Strong; but I still felt the shadowy hand beckoning me on. An irresistible impulse took possession of me to follow whither the hand seemed to beckon; and, not knowing or thinking what I did, I yielded and went out into the stillness of the early morning.

I have but an indistinct remembrance of how the external world looked on that morning. The moon hung low in the western horizon, the eastern heavens were just beginning to lighten with approaching day, and the low murmurings of the lake fell like a sad dirge upon my ears. All things else were still.

These things I noticed indistinctly, as I walked, like one in a dream, through the streets of the sleeping city and down to the lake shore, where I found a small boat apparently awaiting me. Without even wondering how the boat came there, I shoved it off, sprang into it, seized the oars and began to row. Other hands, and colder hands than mine, seemed to grasp the oars also. They did the steering and I did the rowing. Over the surface of the cold blue waters the boat glided swiftly on its way.

Suddenly, I stopped rowing and, impelled by some unseen force, looked over the side of the boat down into the cool depths below me, shuddering as I did so. The sight I then saw did not surprise me; it was just what I expected; but the impression which it made upon me death only can efface. There, in the clear depths below, lying on a sand-bank, with its face turned toward me, was the body of a man, the same in form and features that I had seen in my vision. At this moment, the mysterious something, not seen but felt, which had guided me so far, vanished, and I awoke as from a dream.

Dream or not, I know not what it was, but I do know that the face looking up at me through the water was real enough and terrible enough to shake the strongest nerves. I can never forget it. Awake or asleep, that ghastly countenance will often thrust

itself unbidden before my eyes. May I never be called to look upon its like again.

I left a float to mark the position of the body and, then hastened back to the city to secure assistance. Three policemen made themselves ready and returned with me to the spot. The body was still there. Together we raised it from the water and laid it in the bottom of the boat. It was the body of George Strong.

Two large stones were fastened to the corpse. One of these stones was tied up in the murdered man's coat and fastened around his neck by means of the sleeves. The knot in which the sleeves were tied came directly under the chin; so that, when we untied it, the lower jaw fell down and the mouth opened. The moment the mouth came open the ghastly relic of a little finger, on which was a diamond ring, fell out.

As soon as one of the policemen saw the ring, he cried out: "My God, that is Harry Wilson's ring! I have often seen it upon his finger." On examining the finger, we found that it belonged to the left hand. Horrified, we looked at each other. Only one conclusion was possible! Harry Wilson was the murderer!

We quickly rowed back to the city and carried the body to the police station, where it was laid on the office floor. The head was turned slightly to one side, so that the face of the dead man looked toward the door. Near the open mouth was placed the finger and ring. A messenger was then dispatched for Harry Wilson.

I was in the room when Wilson entered and came suddenly and unexpectedly upon the murdered man. For a moment he stood staring at the dead body, while his face grew ashen in its pallor; then throwing his hands upward, he cried in a voice of agony: "My God! Have mercy!" and would have fallen to the floor had not one of the policemen caught him.

He made no attempt to deny the crime, as, indeed, there was no need, for his actions had already convicted him.

When he saw me he hissed from between his teeth: "Curse you, curse you! from the first I felt that you were doomed to be my ruin."

When asked why he had committed the crime he answered sullenly: "To prevent him from marrying Susie." Not another word could be gotten out of him concerning the deed. We afterwards learned that he had been rejected by the girl to whom Strong was to have been married.

He was placed in jail to await trial; but was never tried, for that night a mob broke into the jail, seized, and hung him.

I am aware that the facts herein narrated may seem improbable to some; but I doubt not but what there are those among my readers who have had kindred experiences of their own, when they have felt themselves under the control of some unseen power, which seemed to come from a mysterious world with which our souls, at times, hold communion.

Be that as it may, I have here given a true account of how the murderer of George Strong was discovered.

A Daughter of the Vikings.

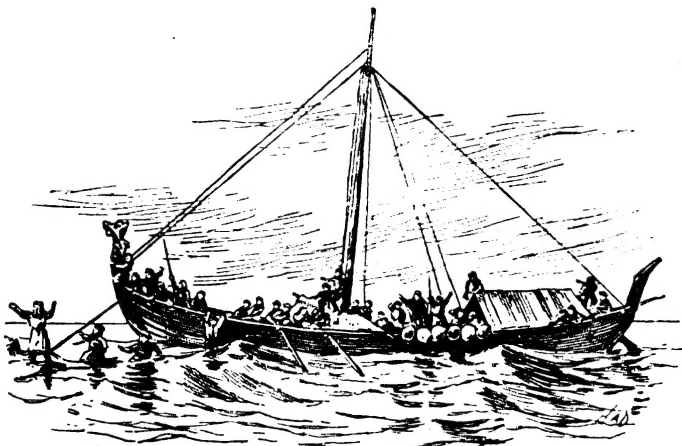
WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EDITH STOW.

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IN this year of our great celebration, when so much is being said of the bravery of Columbus, and the generosity of Isabella, it seems scarcely more than justice to turn a moment from all the praise of this, one of our great discoverers, and glance one page further back in the history of our country to read, among the legends of the Vikings, the story of Freydis, whom historians call the first brave woman in the history of our land.

Blom, a Norseman, sailing westward from Iceland, that he might join his companions who had formed a colony in Greenland, was lost in a fog, so the sagas tell us, and driven on and on by the relentless sea, until, at last, when the mist broke away, he saw spread before him a fair country whose green hills and forests sloped down to the sea.

This, he thought, surely could not be the Greenland of whose ice and glaciers he had heard so much; so he turned about and sailed out to sea once more;



LEIF ERIKSON'S DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, A.D. 1000.

but again, and still another time, the green hills and forests, and the little islands covered with verdure stood out before him; but each time he passed them by unexplored, and kept his course until, at length, a south wind bore him on to his much longed-for companions.

Three times the roving Vikings sought this land which Blom's men had pictured to them in such glowing colors, and three times they returned with their boats laden heavily with fragrant grapes and great trees of which to build their ships; and telling of the broad fields and the little lake in this new found land, along whose shores they had built their huts, called in the legends "Leifs budir," or "Leif's booths."

A fourth time an expedition was formed, headed now by a rich Viking named Karlsef. It was much larger than any of its predecessors, for he brought with him a colony of sixty men and five women, among whom was Freydis, daughter of Erik the Red. They had with them a boat laden with cattle and provision, as their stay was to be a long one. Nearing the shore they found a place where a river ran out from the land, and through a lake into the sea, where vines were growing on all sides, and fields of wild wheat waved in the breeze. There were fish in the lake and wild beasts in the woods. Here they dwelt, and during the first summer the natives came in their little skin boats to trade their furs for weapons; but this Karlsef refused to do, as he had a much more profitable plan. He bade Freydis bring forth from her dairy milk and butter, and when the natives saw these they would have them alone and nothing more.

All through the long summer months the trading went on, Freydis and her women working hard in the dairy, and the furs stored away in Karlsef's hut, constantly increasing, until one day one of the Norsemen killed a native.

The next time it was not as traders, but as enemies, the Indians came. Down they swept, in vast numbers, on the little band of Norsemen, armed with slings, and raising on a pole a great blue ball. It may have been only an Eskimo harpoon with a bladder attached, but it had its effect. The Norsemen were terrified and stood for a minute breathless when, with one accord, forgetful of their famed prowess, they turned to flee.

All this time the women had been hiding among the trees ready to take to the boats if need be; but when they saw the cowardly retreat of their countrymen, something of that bravery which is said to rest only in the breasts of heroes sprang up in the heart of Freydis.

She stepped out from her hiding place with all the majesty of her great deed, and stopped the fleeing Norsemen with her reproaches, urging them on to battle.

"Why do you run before these miserable wretches?" she cried. "I thought you would cast them down before you like beasts of the field. Had I a weapon, I, a woman, could fight them better than any of you!"

With these words she stooped and picked up a sword that lay beside one of her dead friends, and led them on to battle. Over the plains where the wild wheat grew, through the forests, and along the sandy shore, they pursued the bleeding, fainting natives until the Indians had pushed their little skin boats far out into the waves.

In the spring they returned to Greenland, but now one of their number was Sonorri, who is said to have been the first child born of European parents on our shore.

Here the legends leave us, saying only, "nothing further was heard of the new land save as a thing of the past." It is said that history is able to tell us no more of so courageous a woman as Freydis, for we now know that her whole career must have been a fitting one for so brave an act; but as the story stands we all feel proud of the nobility and courage of the first brave woman in the history of America.

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A HARD NUT TO CRACK!

A FALL RIVER MAN FINDS A FORTUNE!!

From the Fall River, Mass., News.

Editor News:—I read with deep interest in your paper of May 6th the facts regarding the marvellous recovery of a well-known citizen of this city, and while as you say, the experience of Mr. Postock seems like a miracle, I personally know that his is only one of many cases where Orien has produced precisely the same astonishing results. About a year ago I was so sick a man that I was under the care of physicians and my life was at one time despaired of. I was afflicted with what the medical profession call "tobacco heart" and my pulse was so irregular as to cause me the greatest distress and alarm. In addition to this I was troubled with indigestion in its worst form, my stomach being so out of tone that almost everything I ate distressed me and my back was so weak that the least exertion caused me intense pain. I also suffered greatly from nervousness. As I derived no benefit from local physicians, I consulted doctors of Boston whose medicines I also took without obtaining relief, and I grew constantly worse. It was at this stage that my attention was called to Orien and I decided to give it a trial. I took one tablet after each meal, and after I had used one of the Giant boxes, costing one dollar, I was a perfectly well man. I was rid of my nervousness and my heart beats as strong and regular as it did twenty years ago. I can eat a good square meal of any kind of food without feeling the slightest distress, have not a bodily ache or pain, and consider it a simple duty to say that Orien brought me new strength and new life.

John Slinn.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Mr. Slinn whose letter is printed above has been a resident of Fall River or over twenty-five years and is well-known in business circles.

The wonderful discovery which saved the life of Mr. John Slinn, who wrote the foregoing letter, is not a stimulant. It is not a tonic or medicine.

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IT GIVES NEW POWER, NEW STRENGTH TO THE WEAK, WEARY AND BROKEN DOWN.

IT INFUSES NEW LIFE INTO THE HUMAN SYSTEM WRECKED BY OVERWORK, WORRY, IMPRUDENCE OR NEGLECT.

IT IS UNLIKE ANYTHING EVER BEFORE DISCOVERED OR INVENTED.

IT IS THE ONLY TRUE NOURISHMENT FOR STARVED NERVES, IMPOVERISHED BLOOD AND FAGGED BRAIN EVER DISCOVERED.

IT IS FREE FROM HARMFUL INGREDIENTS OF ANY KIND AND EVERY PACKAGE IS SOLD UNDER A CITY PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE AND WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

IT MAKES STRONG, HEALTHY, HAPPY MEN AND WOMEN OUT OF HOPELESS, BEDRIVEN WRECKS, WHOM DOCTORS HAVE GIVEN UP AS BEYOND RELIEF.

IT ENABLES YOU TO MAKE A FORTUNE BY ACTING AS LOCAL AGENT FOR ITS SALE.

SOME AGENTS ARE ALREADY CLEARING THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

Write us at once for full particulars with pamphlet giving names of agents who are coining money selling Orien. A sample of this wonderful Food for the Nerves will be sent free by mail for the next thirty days, to all who wish to test its marvellous life giving powers.

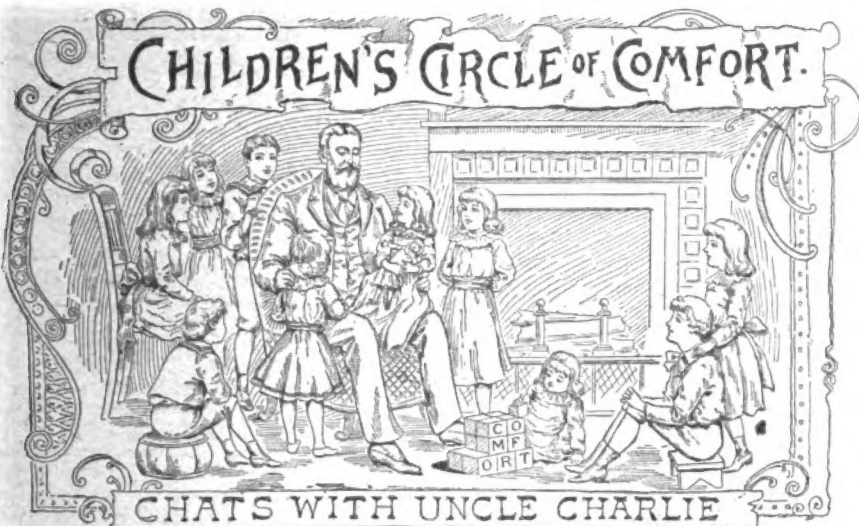
THE GIANT OXIE CO., 125 WILLOW ST., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

P. S. We refer you to Ex-Mayor John W. Chase, Hon. J. H. Manley, A. M. Goddard, City Solicitor, Freby Johnson, Cashier Granite National Bank, all of Augusta, and to any other public men of our section.

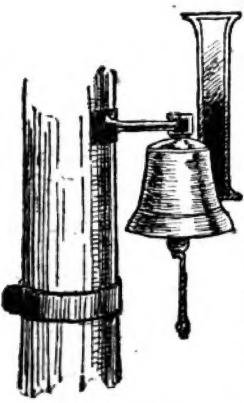
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CHILDREN'S CIRCLE OF COMFORT.



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SAILOR'S CLOCK.

HAD a trip all planned for you this month, children. Where do you suppose we were to go? I wanted to take you to see the great World's Fair; but it is so incomplete now, and there are so many of the finest and most interesting exhibits not even unpacked, that we will wait a little until we are sure of seeing everything in perfection.

So instead, all follow me, and let us go over to the Boston Navy Yard, and see what strange or curious things we may learn of sea-life. The Navy Yard is in Charlestown, just across the Charles river from Boston, but if we go over the bridge and up this little side street we shall find the entrance. At the gate there is a man in uniform marching up and down with a gun on his shoulder. He is a marine, and looks just like any regular soldier. They serve as guards aboard the ships, and in a battle, use their rifles to pick off any men that show themselves on the enemy's ship. He says we may go anywhere we choose, except into the workshops.

First, let's stop a moment and look about. There are nicely paved streets, broad green lawns, big granite store-houses, long barracks for the marines; near at hand, a few cottages for officers, and down at the water's edge three barn-like sheds, where ships are built. But when we get down to them, if I am not mistaken, we shall find them empty, for there is no ship-building going on at present, and but few repairs. Just now all the vessels are at New York, where the great Naval Parade was held. So let us go into the Museum in this building close by. I know it will be interesting.

Oh, Uncle Charlie, where did they get all these strange things?

Well, I suppose the officers and men collected them and placed them here. See this big stuffed alligator and these South Sea war clubs, bows and arrows. What a beautifully carved canoe-paddle that is too. See those glass cases full of bullets with histories, and strange sea shells, and further on, stacks of muskets, every kind that ever was used, I do believe.

See this queer cannon, 9 feet long, made out of wrought-iron by Chinamen. And it is a breech-loader too; that is, the powder is put in near the rear end, which shows that our breech-loading idea isn't by any means a new invention, for this gun was captured on a Chinese pirate-junk many years ago, in the China Sea.

Here, is a sword used at the battle of Bunker Hill, and it looks as if it must have been roughly beaten out of a scythe-blade by a country blacksmith. It is not very pretty, but it did good service. But we must hurry out.



CHINESE PIRATE CANNON.

Stop a moment outside the museum and look at the plain tower with a square window near the top, which rises above the houses in Charlestown, not far from us. Do any of you recognize it? What, none? Why, children, that is Bunker Hill Monument, which marks the spot where the American farmers fought so bravely with the British troops. There were but few houses here then, and where the Navy Yard is now, was nothing but flat salt marshes. Near here the British landed their men from boats, to march up the hill to the attack. Most of the ground has been filled in to the water's edge, and the Navy Yard covers about 80 acres.

What's a Navy Yard for, Uncle?

Why, it is a place to refit vessels and repair them.

And is this the only Navy Yard?

Oh, no; there are others at Portsmouth, N. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Washington, D. C., San Francisco, Cal., Norfolk, Va., and Port Royal. In some of these yards they are building new steel ships for our Navy and they are much livelier places to visit.

See all these big cannons laying on the grass. Are they loaded, Uncle?

No, Willie, and they never will be again. They are mostly old cast-iron, smooth-bore, muzzle-loading affairs, entirely too clumsy and too slow for modern warfare. They are good for nothing but old iron. Here are piles of old-fashioned cannon balls to fit these good-for-nothing old cannons, and further on are old anchors, also worn out.

Come with me into this low, two-story granite building. Be very careful not to touch anything.

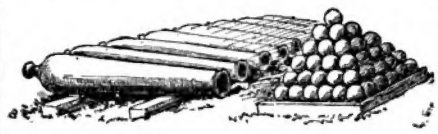
My, isn't it long? Yes, it's almost like look-

ing through the wrong end of a telescope, the floors are so shiny, the building so narrow and the ceiling so low. This narrow room is over a quarter of a mile long. It is the rope-walk, or place where hemp is twisted into rope. How queerly everything smells of tar. Long ropes which are being twisted by machinery stretch down the building till the ends go out of sight, and workmen at the other end cannot be heard up here, so they have different signal cords which hang down like the ones in railroad trains. See, here is a sign which tells visitors that "Doors at the other end are locked." So if any one walked to the end he would have to turn round and walk back a quarter of a mile to get out.

What did he say, Uncle?

The man says it's an awful job to close a quarter of a mile of windows every night—and they're on both sides, too. Upstairs they are spinning the hemp into what they call yarn, that is small rope, out of which the bigger ropes downstairs are twisted. They have some cables here that are about as big around as little Robbie is.

Let's go upstairs. This little room is where they test the strength of the rope. There is only one man here, and he says that before the



CANNONS AND BALLS.

Government buys a lot of hemp they have a sample made up into inch and three-quarter rope. Then he puts a piece into that queer machine in the corner, fastens both ends and tightens it until the rope breaks. It must stand a strain of 4,200 pounds (Fred, how many pounds make a ton?) or the Government won't buy the hemp. Then they take a piece of the rope and tar it, and put it to a strain of 3,200 pounds.

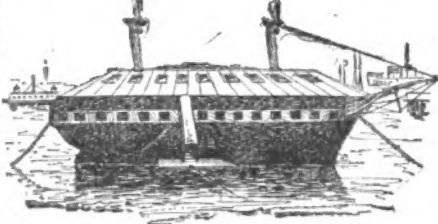
What do they tar it for, Uncle?

Because it sheds the water and so preserves the rope. It isn't so strong, but it lasts longer, and is better for some purposes. They are very particular about the rope in the Navy and have only the very best, for a break might cost many lives or do great damage.

Now, let us go down to the water's edge. See this great granite basin, with shelving sides like huge steps? That is the dry dock. It is 30 feet deep, 50 wide and 200 feet long. It is empty now, for the gates opening into the river are closed and the water is all pumped out. When they wish to repair a vessel below the water-line, they open the gates, admit the water, float the ship in, close the gates behind her, pump out the water slowly until the keel rests on the bottom, put in "shores" or props at the side, and when the dry-dock is pumped dry, the workmen can easily get at the ship's bottom.

Right across the river, in Boston, do you see that small church tower? Well, that is the one that Paul Revere watched so anxiously as he waited with his horse on the bank over here, and when the signal lights were hung out in the belfry he galloped off on "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" about which Longfellow wrote his splendid poem. You must all read it again when you get home.

The other side of the dry dock, is a queer looking, great, black hulk, anchored a little way from shore. Only the lower masts are standing and the upper deck is covered over with a roof. Out of its port-holes point big, black, cannon muzzles. We want to go aboard, of course. There is a little flat-bottomed scow, or ferryboat, that runs to and from the shore, and a marine in uniform stands in the doorway.



THE FRIGATE WABASH.

This old black hulk is the Wabash, once a fine wooden vessel, but now used as a "receiving ship" or station for officers and sailors while waiting for orders. There are about 175 men aboard, and they go through their various drills and duties just as though they were at sea. All of the sailors are dressed in their "togs," loose frocks and pants of white canvas, and little round-brimmed white hats. They do not wear their neat blue suits to lounge about in or do hard work. The upper deck is called the spar deck and has a long row of port-holes on each side; but the cannon have all been taken away, and the port-holes are neatly fitted with windows. Up near the "bow" or forward end, you see a queer old battered copper lantern hanging from a hook. It is the "smoking lantern," and when hung out is a signal that the sailors may smoke if they wish. Like everything else in the navy, this lantern is hung up and taken down promptly at a certain time each day. On a wide shelf along each side of the ship, are the men's rolled-up hammocks, each with the man's number stamped on it. Each hammock has a very thin mattress in it, and every morning they are rolled up neatly, and every night taken to the deck below, unrolled, and hung up on the hooks which are in the beams.

Below the spar (or upper) deck, is the gun deck. In the Wabash a good many of the old cannon remain, with their muzzles poked out of the ports. They are nine-inch muzzle loaders—that is, they throw a ball nine inches in diameter—but all are old-fashioned and would never be used in case of war. How low the ceiling is. You children can stand up straight, but your Uncle may knock his head against the great beams every minute.

What did that man say, Uncle?

He says that in these wooden ships more men were killed by splinters of woodwork than by cannon balls or bursting shells. Whenever a shot struck it would send big chunks of wood and sharp, jagged splinters flying in all directions, injuring a great many. How many men might there be on this deck during a battle?

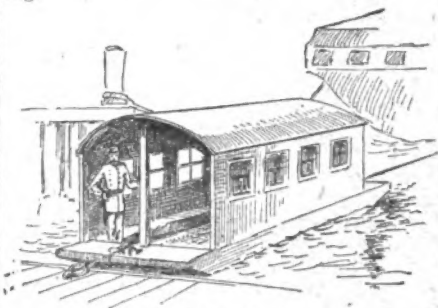
About 300 and as many more on the spar deck, just above, and out of the whole number, there would only be a very few, whose places were nearest the port-holes, who could see out to get any idea as to how the battle was going. Sometimes one of their own cannon would burst and spread death and destruction in the crowded space. It is different on the new steel ships. There are no splinters to fly, and there are fewer guns, and these are often separated by steel bulkheads, or placed farther apart.

Hark, do you hear that shrill but soft, twittering whistle, rising and falling like a bird-note?

That's the Boatwain's Whistle. Doesn't it sound as loud as you expected?

"A-a-l-l ba-a-gs awa-a-y."

What an awful voice! That was loud enough, at all events. See the sailors scurry to put away the clothes bags they had been overhauling.



THE FERRY BOAT.

The deck next below is the berth deck. There are no cannon here nor on any of the decks below this. The officers have state-rooms here—with bunks, for they don't sleep in hammocks. The hospital and the lock-up or "brig" are also here; the latter is a wooden cell, with the door bored full of small air-holes. The sailors eat on this deck. They are divided into squads called messes, and each mess has a cook who looks after the "mess-gear," as the steel knives, and forks, and plates, and bowls, are called. The latter used to be of tin, but now are of iron covered with white enamel, looking almost like crockery. Below this there are two more decks, for storage rooms, water-tanks, powder magazines and coal bunkers. Ships going on long voyages have to carry many barrels of flour, hundreds of canned goods, tons of potatoes, meat and vegetables, and plenty of hard-tack. On the modern ships they carry a special apparatus that distills the salt out of the sea water, and makes it fit to drink. The sailors are divided into many different classes. There are gunners, signalmen, machinists, electricians, engineers, stokers, carpenters, sail-makers, able seamen, landsmen, apprentices, lamp-trimmers, cooks, magazine men, machinery oilers, bakers, a surgeon, a preacher, and even a barber—see him up in that corner, shaving a man?

Good steady sailors who behave themselves and are punctual in returning, are allowed on certain days to go ashore; those who are not reliable cannot go so often.



JACK TAR, WAITING ORDERS.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

What is that bell for, Uncle Charlie?

That is the ship's bell—the sailor's clock. Six bells is three o'clock. Seven bells, half past three, eight bells, four. Then commences one bell again, every half hour. At four, eight and twelve o'clock, day and night the year round, it comes eight bells.

What a strange life to lead!

Yes, indeed. It is a healthy, wholesome one—hard work, good food, fresh air, and sound sleep, make fine bodies, and they have a first-rate library aboard with which to improve their mind. And they learn a great deal from actual experience that we stay-at-homes learn out of books. They see strange customs and queer people in distant foreign shores. But their life is monotonous, too, and lacks the variety which we get on shore. It is a fascinating life—for a little while, but people in good snug homes would wish to be back again, after they joined the navy.

It is growing late, and visitors must go ashore. So come, children; and the next time we will make some other interesting trip.

I leave you all at your own door-steps, with a hearty good-night all around.

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The lucky stone for June is the agate, which, it is said, makes its wearer invincible in feats of strength, ensures long life, health and prosperity.

According to a famous astrologer, the lucky days for June are the 2nd, 5th, 6th, 10th, 11th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 25th, 26th and 30th. The unlucky days are the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 21st, 23rd, 24th, 27th and 28th.

The visitors to the World's Fair will fill their minds and empty their pockets. Their eyes will be kept busy day after day with the thousands of strange and beautiful exhibits, which will include everything from a Fiji soup bowl to a royal crown. Yet, these same visitors will want to hear from the folks at home, and to enable them to get their letters more quickly and easily, the United States has established a perfect post-office in the government building, with forty letter carriers and a complete equipment. The most convenient address to give the folks at home will be the "World's Fair Station, Chicago, Ill." This station must not, of course, be confounded with the regular Chicago post-office.

Peace on earth had a huge advertisement when the navies of the world met in New York harbor the other day, fired salutes to each other, and were reviewed by the President of the United States. There were thirty-seven war-ships with about 12,000 fighting men, and the admirals of ten nations, gathered just before the opening of the Columbian Exposition to do honor to that event.

Besides the great "men of war," there were the Spanish caravels made exactly like those which first brought Columbus to the new world.

Tens of thousands of people flocked to New York to see the spectacle, which lasted three days. On the first day both sides of the North River were lined with bunting and hundreds of observation boats, which the patrol tugs, like policemen, hustled out of the way when the two columns of warships steamed majestically into position. The following day President Cleveland, who is also admiral of the navy, steamed up between the lines in the presidential yacht Dolphin, and was greeted by the thunder of big guns. And the last day came the land parade, when the tars of the ten nations, representing three continents and both hemispheres, marched through the streets of the city. It was the first time since 1814 that the armed forces of foreign powers had set foot on our shores.

Tens of thousands of dollars worth of powder was burnt by the big fighting vessels to show

how peaceful they were. It was a spectacle of national friendliness such as had never been seen before. Yet there was another side to the big event that reminds one of a farmer going out to milk a cow with a couple of six-shooters in his belt. Each nation sent only a few of its ships, and yet in the thirty-seven big steel-armored hulks about thirty million dollars had been spent to prepare for war. The hasty word of some king or minister would have set them all pouring shot into each other's sides, and the much boasted peace would have vanished like a dream.

Columbia is proud of her navy, but she ought to be more proud that she carries not so many revolvers in her belt as the hard headed old monarchies across the water.

Americans who go to the World's Fair need not be surprised if they see along the water front vessels from all parts of the world. Although Chicago is in the center of the continent, it is in reality a sea-port for all except the largest ocean steamships.

It is about 28,000 miles around the earth, so that the city farthest away from a given point can only be 14,000 miles distant. If you go farther than this in one direction, you are nearer in the other. Calcutta is opposite Chicago on the other side of the world, and may be called its antipodes.

36 miles across, and by using islands for the piers, a cantilever bridge could be stretched from the Western to the Eastern Hemisphere. The Russian government is building a railroad through Siberia which would connect with the one through Alaska, and when these plans are carried out a rich man can ride in his palace car from New York to Paris. A bridge over the Suez Canal would take him to Africa, and the proposed tunnel under the English Channel would enable him to reach London in the same easy fashion without the pangs of sea-sickness.

This celebration year the American girl is to be even more conspicuous than ever. Already, whatever is social in the ceremonies of the Columbian celebration is absorbed by her, and, already, she is distinguishing herself to such an extent that papers like Harpers Weekly, for example, feel called upon to apologize for her, explain her, and exonerate her. Editorially speaking of the gaiety at the recent military and naval festivities at Old Point Comfort, the Weekly states that the American girls "have danced to the uttermost of their hearts" desire . . . they have tied about their hats the ribbons of the ships of all nations, they have flirted in Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, and real English, they have tried to teach the foreigner their own peculiar methods of speech, they have been courted,

ing more and more infatuated by a whirl of social life which unfits them for a domestic quiet, and in that fact the future prosperity of home life is being sacrificed. We boast that the American girl knows how to take care of herself among men, but how many of them know how to take care of a house, a much more important thing.

We think altogether too much of the appearance of our women in public, altogether too little of the character necessary to perpetuate the peace and content of home life. We pardon all too easily her breaches of propriety because she is attractive, and are too ready to believe her—if she be not our own—innocent of evil intent, forgetting that no woman old enough to deliberately flirt, is young enough to be innocent of what she is doing. It is time to call a halt, for the American girl—over-indulged in every way—will, if not curbed, be indirectly responsible for wrecking home life in this country. The example of her popularity is bad for all the world of women. For such women must make inadequate mothers. Yet let the fault be placed where it belongs—against the men who encourage them; for as long as the world lasts, the chief object of womanly women in life will be to please the other sex, so it will be men who fix the limits to which women may go and still be attractive.

The American girl is unquestionably the most

charming girl in the world. Pretty, intelligent, magnetic, entertaining, had she but the retiring modesty which is women's great charm, there would be nothing like her under the sun, and the sooner men return to the old fashioned idea that modesty is more than beauty and brilliancy, and womanhood something too sacred to be sacrificed to vanity, the better for women, and—as what woman is, the nation is—the better for the world in general.

WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

A miniature Irish castle with its surrounding village will be among the novelties.

An Indian school in full operation is a unique feature of the Government building.

Forty different models of fishing boats are in the exhibit of the fisheries commission.

A pair of gold knee-buckles that belonged to Genl. Washington are in the Illinois woman's department.

Seven hundred oil and water-color paintings, and 200 architectural designs, make up the art-exhibit from Germany.

The colonnade of the Forestry building is made of tree trunks from every State of the Union, and all parts of Canada.

A dairy kitchen, supplied by Kerry cows from Lord Aberdeen's herd, with a butter-making attachment, is among the exhibits of the Emerald Isle.

The little Eskimo baby, Peter, who was one of the most interesting inhabitants of the Eskimo village, caught the measles just before he left Labrador, and died in Chicago in April.

An eccentric man living in Connecticut started about the 1st of April and is walking to Chicago to stay three months, when he will walk home again. He walked both ways to the Centennial.

As is most appropriate, the government of Spain, through the State department, has officially tendered to the United States as a gift, the reproduced flagship of Columbus, the Santa Maria.

British Guiana makes a novel showing in forestry and agriculture. Some of their woods are monkey-pot, morra, purple-heart, Father Kelley, and other timbers unknown in this country.

The Edison tower of light is 71 feet in diameter, 82 feet high, and has 18,000 electric lights strung over it. It is more than a blaze of glory. It is a tremendous burst of condensed sunlight.



Starting at Calcutta, a steam vessel of 1,500 tons can arrive at the Columbian Exposition in about 60 days. It would sail through the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, then up the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal, then down the Mediterranean and out upon the Atlantic by the Strait of Gibraltar. Arriving in American waters, she would enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence, then steam up the St. Lawrence River, through the Lachine Canal at Montreal into Lake Ontario, and around Niagara Falls by the Welland Canal, then by Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, the Straits of Mackinaw and Lake Michigan, to the very doors of the big show.

It will be a trip rich in interesting sights, and, as the locks of the canals have been so enlarged during recent years as to hold vessels 250 feet long, with a draft of 14 feet, many European yachtsmen are now planning to make the cruise.

If the fair had been held fifty years later, people from all parts of the world could have come to Chicago by rail. An exploring party, under Chief Engineer Faulkner, is now making surveys in Alaska and have already reported to the New York and British Capitalists who sent them out that it is practicable to build an all rail line to Europe. Behring Strait is only

feted, pursued with attentions—and misunderstood."

Any one who knows the American girl, and has watched and studied her, will heartily endure the preamble, but to the conclusion that she has been "misunderstood" no person with a logical or observing mind can subscribe. The girl capable of flirting in any and every language, and willing to do it, cannot be "misunderstood," and the sooner that fact is recognized, the better for the American girl.

American men, otherwise sensible American men, fathers, brothers, husbands and lovers are coming more and more to follow the foreigner in the estimate of the American girl; to fall a victim to her magnetic charm, her intoxicating spirit, her audacious but unquestionable independence; and so long as she is not of their own family circles, to look obliquely at her acts and overlook her improprieties. The very men who encourage the American girl in her forwardness would be the first to frown down similar acts if committed by their own wives, sisters, daughters, or sweethearts.

Nothing that shows a tendency to immodesty, nothing that further fosters the natural vanity of our girls, can be anything but a national danger. Our girls are being spoiled by praise, and, in the excitement of flirtation, they are becom-

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SOUVENIR SPOONS.

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OR centuries past, the old and beautiful custom of presenting a new-born babe, or a bridal couple, with a silver spoon, or a set of them, has been in vogue, so that the popular "Souvenir-spoon fad" is not a modern thing at all. It is only an illustration of how we often overdo things.

It is so much the fashion, nowadays, for the mother's friends to bestow a silver spoon upon her baby, that children, if not exactly born with spoons in the mouth, are almost deluged with them before they are six months old. One baby boy in Boston, who had the good luck to be born while his mother was president of half a dozen women's clubs, received during his first year twenty-seven silver spoons of various desirable and undesirable patterns. To be "born with a silver spoon in one's mouth," is only another way of saying that such a person has been lucky from birth. If there is any truth in the old maxim, this baby ought to be fortunate all through life. Perhaps he is destined to be a millionaire, or a President of the United States.

The "Souvenir Spoon fad" has been carried to an extent that has become ridiculous in the last degree. The word "souvenir" suggests something odd, ingenious, and peculiar to the place it comes from. When it is reduced to the level of an article that is turned out by the million, far away from the place it purports to represent, it ceases to be what the name implies.

A gentleman in New Haven, Conn., ordered for his wife some years ago, a set of spoons which should represent the twelve leading historical events in the history of this country. They were all made by hand, and have never been duplicated. Now, these are souvenir spoons worth having. Women who have traveled abroad extensively have sometimes made a practice of picking up curious little spoons in the odd, out-of-the-way corners of Europe. These, too, make valuable souvenirs, and cannot be too highly prized.

But the idea, like many others that have become popular, has grown into a craze. When the custom of carrying away from noted places a solid silver spoon as a souvenir first became common, it sprang immediately into favor. The Plymouth spoon, with the ship Mayflower carved in the handle, the Salem spoon, with its rugged and haggard witch entangled in a knot of rope, broomstick, and black cat, and the Boston spoon, with the Bunker Hill monument, all furnished a suggestive and realistic souvenir of the historical sort. This was a pretty notion, too.

But soon the smaller towns took it up. Villages and remote hamlets scattered through the mountain regions each adopted its souvenir spoon. They were as common as roses in June. Nearly every woman in the country to-day has her collection of souvenir spoons. What would she, fondly supposing that they were made in the towns where she bought them, say if she knew that there is one souvenir spoon manufacturing establishment which turns out every variety ever shown? and that this factory keeps a large quantity in stock, ready to be stamped with the town's picture or motto from which order comes?

A very amusing story of the Salem spoon is told in Boston. Over ten years ago a woman traveling in Europe was determined to bring back a whole series of spoons as reminders of her trip. She found a number of pretty ones, and, finally, at a small town in Italy a particular design pleased her fancy. It had a broom for a handle, at the base of which a spitting cat was crouched. A witch was astride the broom, and a rope coiled round the handle, on which were the letters "S-A-L-E-M." The dealer could not tell the meaning of the word, but thought it was Hebrew, and such is the association of ideas, that it was not until she returned home and showed the Italian souvenir, that she discovered she had bought, in that far away town, the Salem (Massachusetts) spoon, which has in some way got over there and been copied.

What old family has not a tiny silver spoon made "by hand" some seventy-five or more years ago; perhaps by a silversmith connected with the family; perhaps with some quaint old initials cut into the solid silver in a way which no modern machinery can imitate? And yet, these very spoons, perchance, are not deemed good enough for "company use," and are given to the baby to play with, or used for measuring baking powder.

Away with such vandalism! An old spoon, not exactly geometrical in shape, dented perhaps with time and usage, marked with initials of some dead and forgotten ancestress, is ten times more valuable than a so-called "souvenir" spoon that can be bought anywhere for two or three dollars. And such as these will increase in value as time goes on, let the fashionable fad be what it may. And so it happens, that many women have souvenir spoons of far greater value than she can buy.

Then there is another very interesting class of souvenir spoons which are both unique and original. A gentleman found a handsome deep shell on the

Pacific coast, shaped something like the bowl of a soup spoon. He took this to a leading jeweler of San Francisco, and had it set as a souvenir spoon. For a handle, a strip of thin, iridescent shell was used, being riveted to the bowl with gold. Similar ones might be made by taking half the shell of a large English walnut, or a small coconut, having it polished and smoothed, and then fastened to a silver handle.

One of the most unique designs for souvenir spoons is made from coins which are simply made concave by pressure, the faces being unaltered, and to which quaint handles of all sorts are fixed. The small German coins, which are particularly unique, make a beautiful after-dinner coffee spoon; and various California coins of early dates—as large as half a dollar—make appropriate dessert spoons. But any coin may be used, and a spoon so made has a double value. Many of these spoons have odd handles characteristic of the place from which they come. Gold, quartz and natural jewels are, for instance, often set into the ends of the handles.

There is really no end to the possibilities that suggest themselves when we think of designing souvenir spoons.

THE SANTA MARIA

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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THE marine wonder of the season, is the model of Columbus' flagship—the Santa Maria—which has before been referred to in these columns. The Spanish government had her built exactly like the one the great discoverer came to America in, and is going to present her to the United States government. She made her first appearance in American waters at the naval review in April, when she was a picture which proved not only exquisitely beautiful and profoundly unique in these times of commonplace sailing vessels and probably historically valuable feature of proving that the clumsy ships of Columbus' time were good sailers and could cover water quickly with a fair wind.

She must indeed be a unique sight, this 15th century ship, among the most complete and perfect modern war-ships.

The Santa Maria is an awkward little craft—or caravel, as she is called in Spain—top-heavy with sails, and each brown canvas sail bearing on its front the Maltese cross which led the way to discovery and honor. The gaudy red and yellow flag of Spain hangs from the mainmast. At the fore is the flag of Christopher Columbus. On the topgallant forecastle deck is a sloping little coop, about which rise the heavy, knotted ropes and the clumsy old pulleys. Her greenish drab hull is ribbed with timbers of a faded color. Her stern is square and blocky as that of any other boat, and the wooden rudder hangs clumsily in the water. On the mainmast is the spreading mainyard, above which is the military top, a crown-shaped box of rosewood.



When her sails are unfurled, however, all her clumsiness disappears. Her enormous billowing canvases lend her an almost inconceivable beauty and totally change her aspect. The great foresail puffs out in front like the breast of a pouter pigeon, swelling far over the queer ship's nose, changing its grotesqueness into strange grace. The proportions of the mainmast, canted at the most picturesque angle possible, easily prevail over every other feature of the ship. So great is its size that it needs the little topsail overhead to soften its proportions, and then the three-cornered sail aft hangs up like a banner.

The little rude cabin is furnished in a quaint style all its own. A few chairs of the fashion of 1492, the Spanish coat-of-arms against the wall, and a bunk or two, constitute the entire furnishing. It is a queer little craft, but one which every true American is bound to look upon with respect, not unmixed with awe.

Perhaps few people remember that the discovery of America is owing to religion, just as the first settlements were made in the search for religious liberty. Columbus was not seeking the fame and glory of conquest merely, but was on a religious quest when the Santa Maria, accompanied by the Pinta and Nina, brought him to the western hemisphere.

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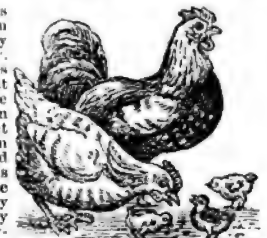
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OW that all eyes are looking toward Chicago, and all heads planning the best way to get there, let us see what is the most convenient dress for the trip, and the most advisable outfit generally.

From a large variety of new traveling dresses worn in the greater cities, we have taken practical ideas and combined them into a suit called **COMFORT'S World's Fair Dress**. It is made of serge, flannel, hop-sacking, or even silk, and is proportionately expensive. The skirt is an enlarged "bell" shape, wider at the bottom than those of last year, and fitted to the belt by darts. The extra fullness is gathered into three inches in the back, and the skirt fastens at the side front. There is a wide front gore, which has two lapels about twelve inches deep at the top. One of these covers the placket-hole and the other conceals a wide, deep pocket. A similar pocket may be fastened under the other lapel, and the two will be found extremely convenient for stowing away an extra handkerchief, a pair of gloves, cards, pocketbook and veil. Remember that a large pocket does not show on the outside, while a small one does. The bottom of the skirt should be at least an inch—and better two inches—from the floor all around. For what can be more inconvenient than to be obliged to carry the skirts in one hand all over the Fair Grounds? The skirt fits closely around the waist, and has the correct flaring effect at the bottom. It may have a narrow foot-trimming, or a wide one. Braid or galloon in graduated widths is very popular, but many will prefer our World's Fair Dress with no trimming at all on the skirt, except a deep, stitched hem. The lapels should be finished to match the bottom, and are sometimes closed entirely with buttons. A fancy belt, or one of the same material may be worn. If the latter, it is often convenient to have it attached to the skirt-binding, fastening at the side.

The waist consists of a blouse and a jacket. The former may be simple or ornate, cheap or expensive, trimmed or untrimmed. It is best to be provided with two or more. A simple cotton one, well laundered, is entirely proper for traveling or sight-seeing. A plain India silk is equally good for those purposes, and while it is just as cool, it protects one better from drafts and sudden exposure. A more fanciful waist for dressy occasions, or to wear without the jacket, at table or on a warm day, is advisable, if one can afford it, but is by no means necessary. Indeed, the whole matter of the blouse is left entirely to the taste and means of the wearer. It is for her to decide whether it shall cost 50 cents or fifteen dollars. The jacket has several advantages. It is easily slipped on or off; it is warm enough to be a protection and has no extra, cumbersome length; and it is natty and becoming to every one. Any of the Eton jacket patterns may be used, but for the

arrangement of the collar our illustration should be followed. The loose leg-o'-mutton sleeve is preferable to others, as the enormous puffed ones are entirely out of place on a traveling suit. There are two breast-pockets which are of service for tickets, keys or a small handkerchief, and the back has a tiny point at the waist line.

Now, let us see what a suit will cost.

Of course that depends largely upon the material used. For the masses, who like to be well, but not expensively, dressed, an ordinary serge, which may be bought as low as 29 cents a yard at any of the leading dry-goods stores in the large cities, will make a serviceable, neat and becoming dress. Navy blue is the best color, as it is universally becoming, does not show dirt or dust, and stands all sorts of weather—although other colors are admissible. From 8 to 10 yards are sufficient for the dress, and if it is finished with plain stitching (which is always in good taste), and a cotton blouse is worn, the entire suit may be made at home for \$3.50. If, however, expensive quality is preferred, there are serges from 50 cents to \$1.50 a yard, ladies' cloths at \$1 to \$2, and other similar materials. If the galloon or braid trimming is used, this will add to its cost.

There is a new material, known as "silk sponge flannel," woven of silk "thrums," which comes at 60 cents a yard, and makes excellent traveling and street costumes. It is only 27 inches wide, and more than 8 yards would be required; but it "wears like iron," it is cool and always dressy.

Russet leather shoes may be worn by young people, but the newest and most convenient foot-covering to go with the **COMFORT** dress, is a low walking-shoe, which has a laced front, but has also a side-piece—"gore"—of strong rubber webbing, such as made the old "Congress gaiter" so popular. This does away with the necessity of unlacing the boot and makes it always comfortable.

A simple turban or wide-brimmed sailor-hat, plainly trimmed to match the suit, completes the outfit.

With these hints, and the illustration, I am sure you can easily make the **COMFORT** World's Fair Dress at home, and will be pleased and surprised at its inexpensive and comfortable qualities.

Now what else are you going to take along?

With this suit, and a variety of blouses, one could manage very well with no more gowns, unless very swell receptions are in the programme for Chicago. But there are other things which one needs to take for comfort and health. Provide yourselves with smelling-salts (which can be carried in one of the jacket pockets), for you will be in crowded and close places; a box of compressed quinine tablets, as a protection against malaria and colds; and a bottle of camphor or alcohol, to be used in time of need. Take along an old and comfortable pair of shoes to do your sight-seeing in. Nothing can really be enjoyed, if one is footsore, and to be on one's feet all day, is to most people, exceedingly fatiguing. Some physicians say that no one should travel without a little flask of brandy, to be used not as a beverage, but in case of accident or sudden sickness. A bottle of cholera mixture is another necessity.



LITTLE GIRL'S COMFORT DRESS.

Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wine glass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained. Of course, this is just as good for the stay-at-homes, as for travelers.

Carry your own soap, and, if possible, some extra towels, as one never knows what will or will not be provided at hotels and boarding-houses. Take plenty of clean handkerchiefs and underclothes along. Do not burden yourself with a trunk for a short stay. Have a strong shawl-strap or "telescope bag." Vaseline and your favorite toilet accessories should not be forgotten.

While in Chicago there are a few rules for health to be observed. First, do not drink ice-water; it stops digestion, chills the blood, and brings on sudden and serious illnesses. Don't be persuaded, either, to drink lemonade, and the other fancy drinks that will be offered you, or to buy strange and unaccustomed confectionery, unless you want to be sick. In short, use all the common-sense you have, and if that isn't enough, borrow some.

Whether the little folks go to the World's Fair or not, they must have new dresses. Children's styles were never so pretty as this year. It is only within a few years that little boys had half as pretty clothes as their sisters, but nowadays their "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suits are as dressy and as becoming as any beruffled and laced little girl's dress. The ruffled, loose shirts with ruffled collars and cuffs are the accessories to the "Knickerbocker" suit which add the element of style. The short pants and little jacket are made of plain cloth, velvet or velveteen. The full shirt may be of white or colored cotton, and must be exquisitely laundered. Of course it is necessary to have several shirts to each suit, and even then, if your darling is a "regular boy," you won't be able to keep his dainty ruffles always clean.

Little girls have so many pretty styles that it is difficult to select one. The illustration given is for a child of four years, and is made of old blue cashmere, with cuffs and Vandyked ruffle of darker blue velvet, and a row of velvet ribbon round the full skirt. Trimming over the shoulders is universally used. Many children's dresses have the regular old-fashioned "bertha," and still more have gathered ruffles, three deep, around the shoulders.

For children under two, make dresses in the Empire or "Mother Hubbard" fashion. Have the sleeves full and gathered into a cuff, and trim the yoke with ruffles of lace, embroidery or the same material. Don't try to dress little girls too expensively. Plain prints or ginghams are worn by the children of our great millionaires; why are they not good enough for all? After all, neatness and simplicity are the best requisites for children's clothes.

best are the ones who wear proper tennis suits. A few years ago, a gentleman at the seashore got up a grand tennis tournament. The girls who were to play were elaborately costumed and wore the colors of their favorite colleges. But there was one girl—short in making up the sets. Now, the gentleman who was getting up this tournament had noticed a quiet girl at the hotel, who, although she never wore striking costumes, seemed to have a level head. So he went and asked her to make up the set. "O I can't play well enough," she said. "I've no tennis suit, and no shoes."

He knew she could play to win, however, and so persuaded her to get up a suit and join the tournament. So she sent to Boston for "out-flannel" at 12-1-2 cents per yard, and made it up herself with a plain, full skirt and blouse. Then she bought a pair of tennis shoes for seventy cents, and was equipped.

"Now," he said to her, on the day of the tournament, "you just leave off your corsets, and we'll play in the doubles."

Like the sensible girl she was, she left her corsets upstairs, and "went in" for the championship with her partner.

It is needless to say she won it. For some time we have been planning a suit which shall be known as the **COMFORT** tennis suit. A good quality of the cloth known as "out-flannel" is recommended, this being a mixture of cotton and wool which readily withstands rain, dust and perspiration.

The best color is a nice, dark blue with a narrow, white stripe. White, or light flannel soils too easily, and wide-striped goods are gaudy and over-conspicuous. Have the skirt made full and reaching only to the tops of the tennis shoes. The waist should be a loose blouse with bishop sleeves, and deep turned-back cuffs; a low rolling collar finishes the neck. As a good player should always be able to roll up her



COMFORT TENNIS DRESS.

sleeves, the full bishop sleeve is much preferable to one that is tight over the fore-arm. A bright silk tie worn under the rolling collar will add to its attractiveness, without being cumbersome, but no other ornaments or flying ribbons should be worn. A wide belt of russet leather is necessary, and may match the rubber-soled tennis shoes in shade. As a tennis player should always have a light jacket to put on after vigorous exercise, our plan includes a simple "blazer" jacket, with revers collar. This makes a sensible, comfortable suit, which

is not only the proper thing for a tennis costume, but is equally suitable for croquet, travelling, or church wear in the country. In fact, it is a perfect outing dress.

I have yet to learn of a woman who is interested in fashion that is not also interested in fancy-work or home decoration in some way. So I commend you all to the Busy Bee Department where you will find some excellent and practical directions.

And may all of you have a new **COMFORT** World's Fair Dress—and then go to Chicago and wear it!

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Germany has over one hundred and fifty cooking schools.

The princess Victoria Kaiula of Hawaii will enter Wellesley College, Mass., next fall.

Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated animal painter, is extravagantly fond of pets and keeps her home full of them all the time.

The widow of the famous Arctic explorer Kane is said to be in destitute circumstances. The Chicago Inter-Ocean is raising a fund for her.

Lady Henry Somerset is the first of the English nobility to enter the ranks of newspaper women. She has recently become the editor of a temperance paper in London.

Ellen Terry, the great English actress, is said to be very kind to the poor. In her South Kensington (London) home she keeps a basket full of garments to be made for them, and in her leisure moments makes them up herself.

Disciples of Delsarte may not be willing to acknowledge it, says a leading physician, but the duties of housekeeping, sweeping, bread-making, making beds, ironing, etc., are the best ways in the world to develop the muscles.

A woman down in Tennessee recently wore hoops to church and overheard some rude remarks in regard to them, which she promptly reported to her husband. He was enraged, and a fight was immediately brought on, in which several heads were cracked and more tempers broken.

There is a new guild in England made up of women who are thoroughly trained in cooking and all sorts of household work. When the mother of a house gets worn down and tired out, or when sickness comes on, these veritable sisters of mercy are sent to the family to take the mother's place.

At last the married "masher" is to be put down. The Ohio legislature has passed a bill providing that any married man who shall represent himself as unmarried, and propose marriage to a woman of good character, or pay attentions to her with such intent, shall be found guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not less than \$100, or more than \$300. At this rate, it is going to cost a man something to be a gay Lothario.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

From Maine to California.

LETTERS THAT ARE SELF-EXPLANATORY.

San Bernardino, California.

Gentlemen:—I was fearfully thin, weak, and nervous, had a terrible gnawing in my stomach, and was not able to take care of my children. Your agent, Mr. Logsdon, prevailed upon me to try your Oxien. I began to improve rapidly. Two Giant boxes relieved me of 16 large stomach worms, one being 13 inches long. I am now so well and strong that my doctors are surprised. Oxien has also cured two of my children of Pneumonia, and we call it our family doctor. J. E. BENIED.

High Sands, California.

Gentlemen:—The doctors were unable to cure me of La Grippe, and I lingered for months without hope. I bought Oxien from your agent, Mr. Logsdon, and gave it to my children for Pneumonia fever. It cured them and I tried it myself with wonderful results, for I am not only well and strong but cured of deafness of 30 years standing, and can now hear as well as anyone. MRS. MARY M. MENKER.

University, Los Angeles, California.

Gentlemen:—After having been an invalid for three years, suffering greatly from nervous prostration and nervous debility, I now feel well as your wonderful food, Oxien, has done wonders for me. I have never found such a valuable remedy before. MARY E. BREED.

167 Chestnut St., Pasadena, Cal.

Gentlemen:—I was all tired out and so hoarse that I could hardly speak. I feel it my duty to say Oxien is a great remedy. It has benefited my nervous system, and helped me in various ways. FRANK HERMAN.

534 North Oakes Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Gentlemen:—My husband was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, and could not sleep nights. Oxien has done wonders for him, and he has only used two boxes. MRS. W. B. LEDOUX.

San Bernardino, California.

Gentlemen:—I have been a total nervous wreck for more than a year. It was from a hurt I received, and caused great suffering in my chest. Doctors could not relieve me, I could not sleep, and lost all hope of ever getting over it, not being able to work at all. Oxien has wrought a great change, as it has been the means of relieving me of a 25 feet tape-worm, and over a hundred smaller ones. I am now doing all kinds of ranch work, and enjoy excellent health. I trust all who are undergoing a life of misery and suffering, will try the wonderful food for the nerves. It was certainly a God-send to me. MARION HAWKINS.

Pasadena, California.

Gentlemen:—Oxien is all you recommend it to be, as it has benefited both myself and husband. I was very nervous and we both sleep much better than ever before. MRS. W. H. RAYMOND.

Pasadena, Cal., May 5, 1893.

Gentlemen:—Our three year old boy had a very severe attack of croup this morning. Oxien has completely cured him. We consider it a wonderful remedy. MRS. E. M. WALLER.

Your Oxien saved my little ones from death. They had scarlet fever and diphtheria very badly. I doctored them with Oxien and they are now well and strong. Other people have had two or three doctors and did not live. I consider Oxien is worth its weight in gold. I have used it for various diseases and found it very valuable. MRS. FANNIE DOTY.

Columbia, Jan. 9, 1893.—I had nervous toothache, pain in my head and back. Oxien cured me. It is worth \$5 a box. JORDAN MILLER.

As there are many who wish to give Oxien a trial, and also make money selling the Food, The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine, will send free samples for the next 30 days to all who will write at once.

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INVEST in cheap Arkansas Land, on installments, and hold for a Raise. W. B. Beach, Bridgeport, Conn.

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Practical Electricity For Boys.

BY H. EDWARD SWIFT.

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It has been said that "there is nothing new under the sun," yet the boys of to-day see every day wonders of science and skill that men never even dreamed of in any age that is past. In the age of chivalry, when brave men fought for the honor of fair women, the age of revolution, when men were called out to stand for their flag and their country, mechanical skill and ingenuity were not found to any great extent, and it was left to the present age, the 18th century, to bring out the hidden resources of our boys and young men. The age of wood, iron, and steel have had successive sway, and the boys have been left the inheritance of these, as a foundation for the great things yet to be done in this, the age of electricity. In placing before COMFORT readers the articles of which this is the opening, I hope to be able to give you hints and practical suggestions that will help you not only to amuse yourself by carrying out my directions for the sake of having an interesting toy as the reward of your labors, but I trust you will get ideas that will start you on the road as breadwinners. You all, I trust, find entertainment and instruction in our Prize Puzzle Column, Aunt Minerva's Chats, Nutshell Prize Story Club, and numerous other original and pleasing features, and now I shall try to set your busy brains and hands at work by telling you in this first chapter of "Practical Electricity for Boys," how to make an Electric Bell.

I think most any boy with a mechanical turn of mind, with the few tools at his command, and perhaps a little outside aid, will be able to carry out my instructions practically, and make as good an electric bell as can be bought. The material required for making anything here described can usually be bought at the nearest hardware dealers. Now, let us begin.

The first thing necessary is the electro magnet. This is the vital part of an electric bell, and is the part that does the work; without it the other parts would be worthless. Get two pieces of 5-16 inch round Norway iron, each 2 inches long, reduce one end of each piece for 1-8 inch from the end to 1-8 inch, in diameter, as in Fig. 1. This a boy can do by filing. Next get a piece of flat soft iron 2 inches long, 1 1-4 inches wide and about 3-32 inch thick, shaping it as in Fig. 2, by bending it lengthwise in the middle making a sharp angle; then drill two 1-8 inch holes in the upright flange 1-8 inches apart, and rivet the shouldered pieces already made into them. Two holes

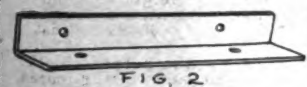


FIG. 1

should also be drilled in the other flange large enough to take a 1-2 inch number 4

wood screw, to fasten it all to the baseboard to be described later on. This constitutes what is called the back armature and the cores.

These must be placed in the fire and annealed or softened by heating them to a cherry red heat, after which they must be buried in the ashes and allowed to cool slowly.

This is done to prevent what is called residual magnetism from remaining in the iron, and hindering the action of the bell when finished. Now we must put the wire on our cores. To do this we must first make the bobbins, on which to wind the wire.

These can be made by using the turned ends of ordinary spools and gluing them on the ends of paper tubes, made 1-8 inches long and the right size to slip on the cores already made. Make the tubes by winding a piece of common writing paper, twice around the core, and fastening it firmly with glue. Be careful not to glue the paper to the core.

Make the holes in the spool heads large enough to admit the ends of the paper tube, and then glue the heads on, just allowing the ends of the tube to come even with face of the heads as in Fig. 3. When the bobbins are dry they are ready to wind. Get about 4 ounces of number 24 single cotton covered copper magnet wire, and after making a small hole in the bobbin head as at A, Fig. 4, put through the end of the wire from the inside leaving an end about 8 inches long outside. Then place the bobbin on a piece of brass or wood the same size as the core and wind on by hand or in a lathe, if you can wire enough to fill the bobbin just full and no more, taking care to fasten the wire securely with a half hitch before cutting it off.

Leave plenty of wire on the end, say 6 inches, to make connections with. Be careful and wind the bobbins in the same direction.

When finished, smoothly and evenly wound, slip them on to the cores, and make them tight by putting in a thin piece of paper between the core and spool; then twist together the inside ends after scraping off the insulation (wrapping), as in Fig. 4, leaving the two outside ends loose. You now have the magnet complete.

The next thing to consider is the armature and its

FIG. 5: A diagram showing the armature assembly with the magnet and the armature.

FIG. 6: A diagram showing the armature assembly with the magnet and the armature.

soft iron 1-7-8 inches long, 3-4 inch wide, and 1-8 inch thick; filed up nicely; then drill a hole 1-16 inch in diameter in the center of one of the ends, as at A, Fig. 5, and two holes the same size through it at B, through which to rivet the spring as shown. The spring must be made of a piece of spring brass number 24 gauge, 3 inches long, and 1-2 inch wide, cut and drilled as in Fig. 6. The two sets of holes being about 3-4 inch apart. Now make a small bracket, D in Fig. 5, of brass 5-8 inch long, with holes to fasten it down with, making it high enough to bring the armature on a level with the cores when all are fastened down, then rivet the spring to the armature and bracket, with small pieces of 1-16 inch, brass or iron wire, or escutcheon pins, as shown in Fig. 5. For the hammer make a round ball 3-8 or 5-16 inches

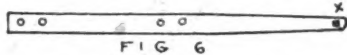


FIG. 6

in diameter and drill a 1-16 inch hole in one side almost through the ball. Make a stem 3-1-2 inches long of 1-16 steel wire and drive one end into the armature at A, and the other end into the ball at C, Fig. 5. If you can conveniently it will be well to solder the stem at both ends, to make it more secure. On the tip of the spring shown in Fig. 6, it is best to solder a small piece of platinum (X) about 1-8 inch square to prevent the spark formed by the action of the bell from corroding the connection. We must now have a contact bracket shown in Fig. 7. This can be made with a screw as shown, or may be made like Fig. 8. This should be of brass 3-8 inch wide and with sufficient height to bring the point of the screw in Fig. 7, or the tip of the bracket A, in Fig. 8, on a level with the center of the cores or about 5-8 inch high. Be sure if you use the bracket shown in Fig. 8, to file the end turned over at the top to a point or nearly so. If you use the other use a 1-2 inch eight-thirty-two screw with round head, and have the screw work tight in the bracket. Make one hole in the bottom of the bracket to fasten it down with as in the other brackets made.

FIG. 7: A diagram showing a contact bracket with a screw.

Procure a 2-1-2 inch or a 3 inch brass or nickel-plated gong of your hardware dealer, and make a brass post 1-1-2 inches long and 5-16 diameter. Drill a hole in each end and cut a thread with an 8 thirty-two tap in each. You will need one 1-4 inch and one 3-4 inch screw to fasten the gong to the post, and the post to the base board.

Now make the base board on which to mount the parts. Make it of cherry, mahogany or black walnut board 5-8 of an inch thick. It should be 7 inches long and 4 inches wide shaped like Fig. 9.

Now, boys, let us see if we can put together what we have made. First of all place the Electro Magnet in the left hand center of the base as shown in Fig. 9, and fasten it down with two 1-2 inch screws; then place the armature so that it will come squarely in front of the magnet, and put in the screws fastening down the bracket. Spring the armature a little away from the magnet, to give the spring a little "life" as we say, and then place the contact bracket in such a position as to allow the point to touch the spring on the platinum piece, as in the cut, and allow the armature to come within about 1-8 inch of the end of the magnet.

With your knife carefully scrape off the insulation of the wire at A, and put it under the screw that holds the armature bracket down. Carry the other wire around the magnet as in the cut, in a shallow groove cut with a knife, and fasten with glue, until

FIG. 9: A diagram showing the completed electric bell assembly on a base board.

FIG. 9

CASH FOR BOYS.

1. In order to enable every boy to study and experiment with the wonders of electricity, and to enable him to become a bread-winner and money-maker, the Publishers of Comfort make the following extraordinary offer, which is open to BOYS ONLY, and which holds good until September 15th, 1893.

Every boy who will obtain a club of at least ten yearly subscribers to Comfort at 25 cents each—before September 15th, 1893—may keep 15 cents for each subscriber and send us the remaining 10 cents. He will thus earn \$1.50 for every club of 10 subscribers; and as Comfort costs but 25 cents a year, and is the most interesting, original and instructive paper published anywhere, it is an easy thing for any live, enterprising lad to get up clubs not only of TENS and HUNDREDS, but of THOUSANDS. Get your relatives, friends, neighbors and acquaintances to help you and write to us for free specimen copies.

2. No club of less than 10 subscribers will be received under this offer, and the names of every club must all be sent at one and the same time, but every boy may get up as many clubs as he can, before September 15th.

3. Every club sent under this offer must be addressed Publishers of Comfort, (Electrical Department), Augusta, Maine, and must be accompanied with the subscription money, either in P. O. or express money order, postal note, registered letter or postage stamps BEFORE SEPTEMBER 15TH.

you come to the connecting screw at X, and then solder to the washer under the screw head. Con-

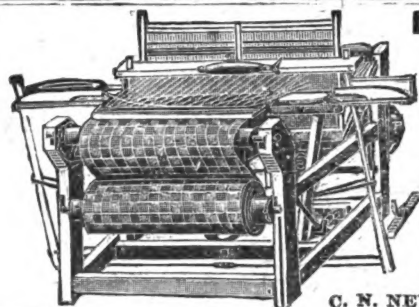
nect the contact bracket with the other connecting screw Y in a similar way. Place the gong in the position indicated in the sketch, bending the hammer stem until it will just clear the gong when the armature touches the magnet by being pressed against it. When in this position the armature spring should just clear the contact bracket, leaving a space about as thick as a piece of cardboard.

If you have used care and a little common sense and ingenuity, the application of the battery will ring the bell. If you wish, you can make a box cover for your bell, covering only the working parts. Make it of 1-8 inch material 4 inches square and 1 1-4 inches deep, and after cutting a slot in one side for the hammer stem to work in, put a hook on each side and a pin in each side of the base to hook the cover to. The bell is now ready for use and in the next chapter I will describe to you, a cheap circuit closer and a home made battery with which you can use the bell you have made as a door bell or arrange it so mother can call you in the morning without using her voice. One of the first questions will be, What makes the armature vibrate? Well, follow me. We will suppose the current comes in at the screw X Fig. 9, and passes over the wire indicated by the

dotted line, to the coils of the magnet, then to the bracket S, and through the armature spring to the contact bracket 2, then through the wire indicated by the dotted line to the other screw Y. The current passing through the magnet, magnetizes the iron in the cores, and they in turn draw the armature away from the bracket 2. The instant the current is broken at the point of contact, where the spring touches the bracket, the magnet ceases to be a magnet and the spring kicks the armature back again to its position, only to be drawn up again the instant the spring touches the bracket on its return. These breaks are sometimes made at the rate of 500 a minute. A good electric bell sells for a dollar, and with battery and push button, fitted in a neighbor's house would be worth six or eight dollars according to the work required in putting it in. Make use of the knowledge I shall give you and in your spare moments make your pleasure a business and add to your pocket money.

Look out for the next chapter on Practical Electricity.

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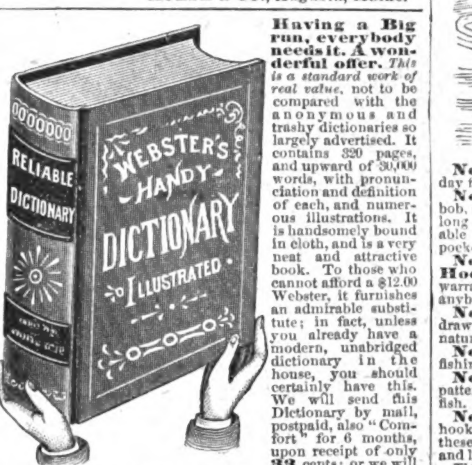
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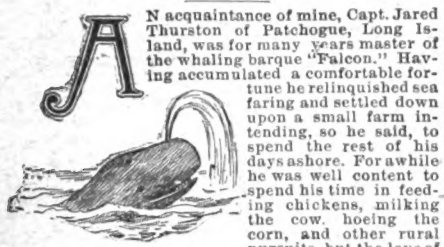
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A NAUTICAL EXPERIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY JUDSON

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AN acquaintance of mine, Capt. Jared Thurston of Patchogue, Long Island, was for many years master of the whaling barque "Falcon." Having accumulated a comfortable fortune he relinquished sea-faring and settled down upon a small farm intending, so he said, to spend the rest of his days ashore. For awhile he was well content to spend his time in feeding chickens, milking the cow, hoeing the corn, and other rural pursuits, but the love of the sea as strong in him, as it invariably is in men of his class, and occasionally he took a short voyage in a coasting vessel much to the discomfort of his wife, who had hoped he was fully weaned from his former vocation. In one of his voyages to Providence, his crazy little craft foundered in a sudden squall, and he, who had braved all sorts of weather in every sea on the globe, came near being drowned almost within sight of home. This so disquieted his wife that she begged him to promise that he never would go upon the ocean again. He did promise, and in these words, "Now wife, if you'll say no more about it, I'll swear never to go upon the water again in any boat, vessel or ship, raft, dug-out, or canoe, or any other contrivance in which mortal man ever sailed. There—that covers the ground I guess."

The Captain very soon repented of his promise, but he was an honest man, and true, and kept his word. As time hung heavily upon his hands he cast about for some employment, something perhaps that should keep him near the sea even if he was forbidden to sail upon it. Now it happened that his farm bordered for half a mile or so upon the bay, and at one point on the shore there was a deep cove or indentation, something like ten acres in extent, very narrow at the mouth and obstructed by huge rocks. Often times the Captain would go down to this cove when the tide was coming in, and watch the water whirling and dashing among the rocks, and occasionally breaking clear over them in sheets of foam. He thought it the next best thing to being at sea.

One day it occurred to him to build a dam across the opening and utilize the water power to run a mill of some sort. At any rate he would thus find congenial occupation for he was becoming very weary of life ashore, and yet he must observe his promise. So the dam was built with two wide gates that could be opened and closed by means of a windlass and tackle. A simple lever would have been as effective and much cheaper, but it wouldn't have been so nautical in appearance. Every day the Captain used to go down and watch the powerful stream surging through the sluiceway and smoke a contemplative pipe; he used to declare it was like "looking over the side of a ship in the trades."

One Sunday the tide flooded at about four o'clock in the afternoon and the Captain went down to his mill pond after church to take his customary comfort, when, as he approached the cove, he was surprised to see the water in violent commotion caused by a huge black creature that was floundering about. Here was a rare piece of luck. A good sized whale had strayed into his mill pond, borne by the incoming stream, and was now vainly endeavoring to find his way out. The gates were shut with all speed, and after watching the great fish for a time the Captain started for the village to tell his neighbors of his good fortune.

The news spread rapidly. Somebody connected with the New York Herald happened to be there collecting information concerning a recent shipwreck, and he wrote a glowing (and I regret to say, a somewhat exaggerated) account of the affair to his paper, and before Monday night hundreds, and by Tuesday night, thousands of people had docked to the place.

Captain Thurston might have realized a small fortune by charging admission to his farm, but he never thought of such a thing. A live whale was no novelty to him, and he couldn't understand why it should be to anybody. To the oft repeated question, "What will you do with him?" he always replied, "Cut him in and bile him." In the course of time the excitement died away. George Washington (as the Captain had named the whale) had fewer and fewer visitors and finally none.

At every tide the Captain was in the habit of going down to the dam and partially opening the gates to renew the water, and in course of time the whale got in the way of coming into the sluiceway whenever he saw the Captain working the windlass. On one occasion the Captain sat down upon a timber that crossed the sluice and tapped George with his foot. As the creature did not seem to mind the Captain's sid off and stood up on its back, and finally walked back and forth as only an experienced whaleman could have done upon the fifteen feet or so of exposed surface. While the Captain was looking down at George, prodding him with his cane, and wondering how many barrels of oil he would make, the creature had quietly backed out of the sluiceway and was now swimming slowly and smoothly along toward the middle of the pond. Though surprised our Captain was by no means alarmed, he was a good swimmer, and the shore was nowhere very far away. He now observed that by using his stick on this side or that he could guide his strange steed, and so, after circling around the pond a few times, he drew up at the dam, stepped ashore, and went home.

Captain Thurston thought so little of this strange circumstance, strange as it may seem to a landsman, that he did not speak of it at home either then or for sometime afterwards; he was rather a silent man and much given to reflection and a curious idea had occurred to him. Nearly every day he took a ride around the pond on George's back, and once, being somewhat tired, he wished he could have a chair, so he took a half barrel which happened to be lying on the dam, turned it bottom up, seated himself, and proceeded on his customary journey around and around the pond. George seemed to take no notice of this new burden but moved lazily along guided perfectly by his rider's cane. The Captain's idea which he had been pondering upon was some sort of contrivance in the way of a harness by which he could more easily control the whale's movements.

You all know that sea-faring men are fertile in expedients and determined in purpose. After much study and many experiments the desired end was attained. You would wonder were I to tell you in full detail of the obstacles to be overcome. Experiments were made and discarded, but there was a steady advance day by day, additions and modifications were made to the apparatus, and when all was complete it was simple and effective. The main features were: First—Two cylindrical bags of rubber, which when filled with air acted as buoys to prevent George from living, while they allowed him to go under two or

odd title) "what d'ye think of my going to sea a short trip?"

"Why, Cap'n, you can't go. You promised me solemn sure you'd never go on the water again."

"Well, no, I didn't say just that. I said I wouldn't go in any kind of a craft in which mortal man had ever sailed, and I ain't going to; but I've got George Washington hitched up in harness, he drives swift as a locomotive and smooth as ice, and I'm going to sea with him, or I'm a Dutchman."

Of course Mrs. Thurston begged and prayed him to give up this crazy scheme, but it was of no avail. She always had bowed to her husband's will and she had to do so at this time.

In the course of the next week, the Captain took several short trips at sea and they were novel and splendid experiences. At first George was somewhat restive, trying to plunge and roll over like a skittish colt, but the Captain with the intimate knowledge of whale nature afforded by his long experience, and the addition of one or two safeguards to his harness, succeeded in directing George's movements with perfect certainty, so that, after a trip at sea of a hundred miles accomplished inside of five hours, he guided himself back through the sluiceway into the mill pond as easily as one would guide a well broken horse into his stable.

Captain Thurston's neighbors called him crazy, but that is always the outcry when one does something that never has been done before. Newton and Fulton were deemed lunatics in their day you know, and many very worthy people will not believe to-day in the discoveries of Bell and Edison.

As a matter of fact, Thurston was as sane as I am. During a recent visit at Patchogue, George Washington was harnessed up and I myself had the great pleasure of a voyage with him.

We started about daylight, went out into the sound, passed Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Cape Cod, and Isles of Shoals (going between Star Island and Appledore, where many boats put out to chase us, but we went away from them like a shot, George's speed in deep water being about a mile a minute). We bore away through smooth water for Mount Desert, which we had just sighted, when up came the Cunard steamer Scythia on the horizon. We made for her, and although she had all steam on, and was going very fast, we ran twice around her close along side much to the delight of the passengers who asked us to report the ship and say all well aboard, which we did. We now made straight for home, where we arrived in the evening, having made the whole distance of six hundred and forty-seven miles in a little more than fifteen hours.

Captain Thurston intends to cross the ocean this summer. I told him I was going to Fayal and Madeira and then down to Tenerife and he promises to look me up. If he does, and you folks are there, and see George Washington and Captain Thurston, then you will believe this story, won't you?

WISDOM IN WIGS.

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THE first wig was not worn to cover a bare poll.

Still the instinct must have been a savage one for it has always appertained to the least intelligent epoch of a nation's history.

The South Sea Islanders are among the most ingenious wig makers, and structures of false hair of elaborate shapes are found on the mummies in the Egyptian tombs.

The earliest wigs extant to-day are beautifully made of hair. They can be seen in the Egyptian departments in both the British and Berlin museums, and are fully 3,000 years old.

Xenophon states that Atyages, the last of the Median kings wore a wig, and it was nearly 600 years before Christ that this monarch got his great fright from the interpretation of a dream, and tried to outwit the oracles.

Livy, Ovid, Juvenal, Martial, Propertius, Plutarch, Suetonius, all allude to wigs, but that even the most ancient Romans must have known the art of making them and the wearing of them.

Scholars in their researches find that such head-gear was worn in the days of the earliest Assyrians, for, on the famous sculptures many of the figures are depicted with their heads so covered.

The wig as a fashion, however, came into vogue as many another fashion has done.

Every one knows the origin of the colored shirt and white collar fad which so many super-fashionable young men effect—how the Prince of Wales got drenched when out hunting one day and his host gave him a clean colored shirt but had no collar to match it, so that his Royal Highness appeared at lunch with a white collar above his colored shirt. The next week all London was wearing white collars above figured shirt fronts, and the news was cabled to New York.

Now the wig, as a civilized fashion, came in in much the same way. Henry III of France, a weak and useless king, the brother of the notorious Charles, who is only remembered on account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, fell ill and lost his hair. To hide this failing the king had a wig made, upon which all the Court, the thick haired as well as thin, took to wearing wigs out of compliment to the king.

Louis XIII wore a wig for the same reason, and from that time to the French revolution wigs were the universal fashion in France. And since then as now France set the styles for all the world, wigs were worn everywhere. In the days of the French revolution they were frowned down by the people as among the elegances which were despised as Court corruptions.

Louis XIV carried the powdering of the wig to such a great extent that for full dress the entire Court appeared in white hair.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth wigs were very common in England, and the virgin queen is said to have possessed many of them of many styles.

Mary Stuart, the ill-fated Queen of the Scots, brought the fashion to Scotland when, as the widow of Francis, she returned to her cold native country. It is probable that one of the reasons for the great difference of opinion which exists, alike among historians and painters, in regard to the real appearance of the famous Mary Stuart, may be directly traced to the fact that she had many wigs. It is said that even on the scaffold she wore borrowed locks. The wig in England reached its greatest vogue in the days of good Queen Anne. At that time little boys wore them to school, and there, as well as in France, no person with any pretense to position thought of appearing in his own hair.

In 1724, the business of the wig maker was an exacting one; for example, a London maker advertised the following list—all of which were worn at that time—full bottomed ties, full bobs, ministers' bobs, naturals, half-naturals, Grecian flies, curly roys, airy levants, quiprakes, and bagg wigs.

In the early part of George III's reign false hair began to disappear from the heads of private individuals, although the wig is still worn in England as the badge of some public offices. To-day, the speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord High Chancellor, both wear the full bottomed wig, and smaller tie wigs are worn by judges and barristers.

The full bottomed wig consists of two, long broad tabs falling low on the breast, down either side of the face, and covered with twenty or more rows of flat, formal curls. These wigs are rarely made of real hair—silk, and even horse hair being used instead. In the time of its greatest vogue the wig was an article of extravagance to the gallants of the Court. While three guineas, or about \$15, was the ordinary price for a head of false hair, as high as \$700 was paid.

Among the Roman Emperors who wore wigs was Commodus, that most unworthy son of good Emperor Aurelius, who was a top as well as a tyrant.

Lampridius relates that Commodus wore a magnificent wig highly perfumed and sprinkled with gold dust. It was probably a blonde wig because from the earliest days blonde wigs were popular with the Romans, who bought the hair of the Germans for that purpose.

The only time that wigs were worn in this country was for a short period at the close of the 18th and at the opening of the 19th century.

To-day there is a tendency in dressing the hair to return to the Grecian simplicity, and wigs are only made for those who have to conceal bare polls, or for use in the theatre.

It may be interesting to know that now a well made wig of natural hair costs in the vicinity of \$35.

Although the wig is somewhat barbaric in origin and in appearance, it is worn to-day by able men as the badge of wisdom.

Summer Law School at Chautauqua.

Among the courses of study offered by the Chautauqua management for the coming Summer sessions at Chautauqua are courses in law. This is somewhat of a new departure, but is one that will meet with favor on the part of very many who visit that resort for study and recreation during July and August. The courses, we understand, will not consist merely in lectures, but will embrace thorough class-room work and cover the many branches of the law, both for students preparing for examination for admission to the bar and for lawyers reviewing. The work is to be under the personal instruction of William C. Sprague, the managing instructor of The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, Detroit, Michigan.

A Lucky Discovery.

1. By sending a postal with your name and address
2. To Post-office Box 1022, Boston, Massachusetts,
3. You will learn how to make from \$3 to \$8 a day
4. Without neglecting home duties and without capital,
5. By handling a wonderful, new Household Specialty
6. Which is badly needed in very nearly every home.
7. And offers pleasant, profitable, permanent positions.
8. Owners and article have the highest endorsements
9. To get particulars and free samples you must act today
10. All those who have done so have discovered

The Chance Of a Lifetime.



Everybody needs to have a nice Telescope, they are a household necessity and a travelers companion. We have a new style all brass powerful glass, from Berlin. Will send out 1000 free on inspection in order to advertise. Remember they won't cost you one cent only for postal you send your address on. MORSE & CO., Box 5 Augusta, Maine. Write today

Sent Free to Everybody!

The COMFORT HAMMOCK.

As a Reward for a little friendly service.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Here's a happy hint for Summer, And verily it is a "hummer."



We have 17,300 strong, perfect, Oriental, hand-tied, colored Hammocks, which for the next sixty days we shall place on the Free List, upon the conditions specified below. This will enable every one who is willing to render us a little service, to secure one absolutely free. These Hammocks are over 10 feet long, every one is tested to carry 300 lb. dead weight, is supplied with strong, white metal rings at the ends, and a strong cord along the entire length of sides. No home, picnic, camping, or outing party is complete without one. To recline in one of these health-giving articles in some cool nook after the day's work is done, or on a Sunday afternoon, is to repose in the lap of luxury.

Now to every one who will get up a club of six subscribers for Comfort at 25 cents per year, each in advance, we will send one of these Hammocks FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of Comfort to your neighbors, friends, and acquaintances, you can easily get up a club in one evening; for COMFORT, with its many improvements and new, original, copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated. To those who do not care to go to the trouble of getting a club, we will send COMFORT for one year, together with one of these Hammocks, all express and mailing charges paid by us upon receipt of one dollar.

Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE DOLLAR CAMERA AND OUTFIT COMPLETE

A GENUINE PHOTO-TAKING MACHINE, NOT A TOY, But a Perfect Picture Producer, to be set up and used in any home.

In the line of our hundreds of low priced and reliable specialties, we now manufacture this Complete Photographing Outfit, which will be our leader during the coming season. This outfit consists of everything shown in cut and mentioned below: A strong and perfectly made CAMERA, which will take a picture 2 1/2 inches square, complete with adjustable bellows at the ends, and a Harvard Dry Plates; 2 Japanese Tin Developing Trays; 1 Printing Frame; 1 package Blue Process Paper; 1 sheet Ruby Paper; 1 package Photo Mounts; Hypo-sulphite Soda; Developing Chemicals; complete and explicit instructions, enabling ANYONE to take ANY CLASS OF PICTURES with this Outfit. Now please remember that you are not buying a Camera ONLY but a complete and PERFECT OUTFIT, all ready for use without further expense to you. No such Outfit has sold heretofore for less than \$5.00. Everything is carefully made and prepared and bound to work perfectly. A wonder to all who see it and its work. You are not restricted to any class of pictures. You can take Landscapes, Portraits, Buildings, in fact ANYTHING. The whole, securely packed in a wood case for shipping. Be your own Photographer. How many pieces of interesting friends that are dear, do you encounter every day whose image you would like to preserve? With this Outfit you can do it and almost without expense. It contains all the necessary materials. The instructions "do the rest." PRICE ONLY \$1.00 by express, by mail postpaid \$1.15. Given for a club of 6 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

If or you would like to secure a larger and more expensive Outfit FREE, send for our complete Catalogue and Premium List. We have a grand Outfit for \$2.50 and the Eclipse, No. 3, for only \$10.00. We will send extra sample copies of this grand June Number of COMFORT, together with subscription blanks so that it will be an easy matter for you to obtain subscribers and secure an outfit at once so you can build up a large business this season.



three feet in search of food. Second—A steering apparatus worked with a small wheel which, by acting upon a spur near George's tail or rudder, caused him to turn his tail in the required direction. Third—A car or saddle, which was modeled, so the Captain told me, after the appliances which are used in elephant riding in India. Fourth—A sort of compartment or large chest in which to carry clothing and supplies.

So industrious and patient was Captain Thurston, that in five weeks after his first experiment he had completed the whole outfit and was ready to take his first sea trip. His wife, who was always intent upon domestic affairs, had noticed his absorbed and studious manner, but had attributed it to solicitude about the new mill which he had intended to build, and moreover, unlike many women, she was not in the least inquisitive or fussy. One day after dinner he said to her, "Mate," (he often called her by this

SQUARES
VELVET and FLUSH to set off and perfect your
cray patchwork quilt. Birds, flowers, sprays, etc.
Pieces bought at 10¢ per yard. Factory bargains remain
sale. Assorted and painted by set in oil colors. Sent
for 25 cts. ART STORE, Box Augusta, Me.

THE NEW PETITE LAMP CHIMNEY STOVE.

THIS is a very useful device (made of brass) for adjusting on the top of an ordinary lamp chimney, for cooking purposes. It is readily adjustable to any chimney. It will readily support any ordinary metal plate, or pan, or dipper, in which to do the boiling or cooking. For many purposes this Lamp Chimney Stove is far superior and a thousand times more convenient than an expensive oil or vapor stove. For the Dining Room in Summer, shops and offices, it is unsurpassed. For the Sick Room it is indispensable.

And Only Look at the Price,
10 cents each, carefully boxed, and postage paid. Or 20 for a dollar, which is just 5 cents each, and delivered free, either by mail or express, to agents. You only need sell four out of your 20, to get your money back. All you sell of the other sixteen, will be clear gain to you. You cannot do better than invest a dollar.

No such a useful article was ever offered before at such a ridiculously low price.

COMFORT, 3 months on trial and sample stove only 10 cents. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK

SADIE'S SILKEN SHOWER OF SATIN SAMPLES

ART is needed in the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd bits of silk and satin. "CRAZY QUILTS" making is very popular. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin, some of which we are going to give you. We are going to dispose of this immense lot RIGHT OFF. Our packages contain from 99 to 103 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a lot introduced into every home; when you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needle work. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample lot now for only 25¢. It would cost many dollars bought at a store. **GRAND OFFER:** If you order our great assortment lot AT ONCE, we will give you, absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants, but we know if you order ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer. Three lots for 65¢, five for \$1.00. **BEST WAY:** We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE to all who send 25 cents for 6 months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, or if you send for more than one lot as above, "COMFORT" goes for one year.

COMFORT PUB. CO., Box 120, Augusta, Maine.

BETTER YET. To all answering this ad. before 30 days we will also send 6 pieces of elegant PLUSH FREE. They come in Red, Blue, Green, Old Gold, etc.



Every Shut-In who will get up a club of five or more yearly subscribers for COMFORT at twenty-five cents apiece, may send us ten cents for each subscriber, and keep the other fifteen for herself.

The only condition given is that you must furnish satisfactory proof that you are a Shut-In. Get your physician and clergyman, or two other responsible persons, to sign a statement saying they have known you (and how long), that you are an invalid, unable to work, and that you properly belong to the Shut-In Circle.

No club will be received of less than five subscribers, and these must all be sent at one time, together with the amount necessary for the club.

Money may be sent by money-order, postal-note, check, draft, registered letter, or in postage stamps. Never send money loose in a letter.

Try among your friends, neighbors and relatives. Your children at school or in factories, or your servant-girls among their friends can bring you names of new subscribers. Take it up seriously, as a matter of business, and you will succeed.

All correspondence for this department should be directed to Sunshine Circle, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR FRIENDS:

By the time this letter reaches you, again the wonderful miracle will have taken place, that miracle to which we are so accustomed that we take it as a matter of course, and are never surprised by it—life out of death; the resurrection of summer out of its wintry grave. Surely when we see the dull, cold earth bursting forth into blossom and beauty, death should be robbed of all its terrors. That exquisite poet preacher, William C. Gannett, said in one of his most hopeful and cheering sermons:

"Thank God, then, friends, for the resurrection thoughts which the spring months bring to us! We die to live again. We die that we may live again. Nothing is quickened save it die. Mortality is the condition of all immortality. The opening spring prints it off on every hillside in illuminated text of leaf and flower."

Let us then take fresh courage as we behold the renewal of life and beauty all about us. Trouble and suffering cannot last forever. Out of the dark and painful hours of your life blossoms of hope and gladness can spring just as easily as summer bursts forth from cheerless winter. The following verses by John W. Chadwick I am sure will give you a pleasant thought:

"As tarry not the flowers of June
For all the ill the heavens can do,
And to their inmost natures true
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune,
"So, Father, shall it be with me;
And whether winds blow foul or fair,
Through want and woe, and toil and care,
Still will I struggle up to Thee,
"That though my winter days be long,
And brighter skies refuse to come,
My life no less may sweetly bloom,
And none the less be full of song."

ANNA RIPLEY, Morrissett, Minn., writes:
"This week I received several back numbers of COMFORT through the thoughtful kindness of a friend. I have been reading the letters, and I think your corner is rightly named. I had hoped to spend my life amongst the Freedmen but I had only two happy years of work in my chosen field. Now it seems probable that the rest of my life will be spent in this room. I have spinal disease, and suffer severely at times. I can do but little sewing, but I enjoy reading and writing to my friends when I am able. My room is pleasant, and I have a number of thriving plants in my window, amongst which my pet canary, Bessie, is free to fly about all he chooses. I close by quoting the precious promise, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end.'"

V. E. JOHNSON, Lena, Ill., writes:
"I have been a Shut-In for over four years. Am able now to walk about, which I feel very grateful for. I am young in years, but I feel that I can fully sympathize with you all. I would be greatly encouraged to have the friends write to me. Please do not forget me."

Mrs. MARIA SOUTHER, West Levant, Me., writes:
"Is there room for me in your Sunshine Circle? I have been an invalid for eighteen years. I haven't lain down in bed natural for ten years; have four pillows and half sit up. I have heart disease and nervous debility. Will some of the dear friends send me a ray of sunshine to help brighten my life? I would be glad of scraps of any kind for quilts. I can sew a few minutes at a time. Please accept my deepest sympathy, dear suffering ones."

LAURA STRONG HENDERSON, Rusk Co., Texas, writes:

"I am confined to my bed, and have been for almost five years, suffering day and night. I have been lying on one side for four years. I am twenty years old and have been afflicted since a little over twelve. I am willing to bear it the best I can, and thankful it is no worse, but I do wish I could do some good in the world. Dear ones, we are shut in from many pleasures in this world but I hope we are better preparing a home in Heaven. We are never so afflicted but what we have something to be thankful for, and I have a kind father, mother, brothers and sisters to take care of me; but it grieves me to see my parents who have always worked for me still working now when they are old, and I can do nothing to help

them. Let us try to trust in God and say, 'Thy will be done.'"

I wish much I could send some special word of comfort to so young and patient a sufferer. I can understand how very hard it must be to lie helpless and see father and mother working. Can you not, dear Laura, help them a little, and divert your own mind by getting up a COMFORT club according to the directions you will see at the head of this department? This is work the most bedridden sufferers can do by asking the kind friends who visit them to subscribe, and to aid in getting other subscribers. I think one of the most important lessons we have to learn in ill health is to make the most of small opportunities that are thrown in our way. I hope I shall hear soon from many of our Shut-In friends that they have taken advantage of this chance to help themselves.

Mrs. M. J. PIERSON, 1935 South 17th St., Terre-Haute, Ind., writes:

"I am an invalid confined to my room, and most of the time to my bed. Can do very little work. Sometimes I can write, then again it will be weeks that I cannot. Have been a Shut-In a great part of the time for ten years. Should be glad to get letters of comfort from the friends. I have one room and live by myself, and a little grandchild nine years old helps me. I have a great many cancelled stamps. Will some one tell me what they are good for? Many nights I lie all night awake. My prayer is, 'I am afflicted very much; quicken me, O Lord, according to Thy word.'"

Mrs. ANNE GRAHAM, Greensburg, Ky., desires worsted pieces, crazy work, etc. Has been a Shut-In eighteen years.

ELSIE HEATH, care of Mrs. Bell, Cecil, Pa., Box 57, wishes scraps to sew, or something for a wrapper.

MISS FLORENCE A. LANGLEY, West Levant, Maine, is a great sufferer, and would be thankful for pieces of silk, wool, or print for quilts which she can make and sell.

Mrs. N. MARLING, Elliott, Mo., will send reading matter, flower seeds, a cutting of weeping willow, in exchange for sea shells.

Mrs. M. B. FRENCH, Thurman, Wisconsin, sends a letter of thanks for the "heart cheering epistles the readers of COMFORT have thought it no trouble to send an afflicted sufferer."

I have received so many letters asking only for financial aid it makes me sad. In our April number an explanation was given why such aid is impossible, and these applicants will surely see that, under the circumstances, their letters cannot be published. It was through our deep sympathy, and our wish to benefit these unfortunate Shut-Ins that the offer which stands at the head of this department was made. One applicant for aid said in a pathetic letter that even ten cents was a great help; "there are," she wrote, "so many things I can do with ten cents." The opportunity offered by the publishers of COMFORT will enable this poor woman, I trust, to earn a good many dimes, and the effort to do it will give her a new source of interest.

And to all of you, dear Shut-Ins, who need little luxuries you are not able to procure I would say, the test of how much we want anything is always our willingness to work for it—to make some effort on our own part. One writer says, "A person is never so hedged up but there is some one thing he can do. We may not be able to do as we would, but some other way will appear." It is not often great opportunities come to us. The secret of success, I learned some time ago, is to take advantage of small opportunities. Little efforts often lead to greater results than we can foresee.

I have laid stress upon this because it is the only way in which COMFORT can offer the financial aid so large a number have asked for; and if those who have requested it are in earnest in their desire for such aid they will show it by doing what they can themselves. I think the way is made very clear, but if you do not understand it write and ask any questions you please, and I will answer you with pleasure. Faber in one of his beautiful hymns says:

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee."

To do the little we can do, and do it faithfully, is the most valuable lesson in life we can learn. To be on the watch continually for small opportunities to help others, and to help ourselves is the highest duty and privilege of sick and well, alike.

DAVID KILLED GOLIATH —WITH A— CATAPULT OR POCKET GUN.

So the idea is old but a perfect modern sling at this price has not been made before. This has great force and strength. Made of a solid piece of rubber, with cup to hold the projectile. Requires no powder, no caps; is neatly finished, durable, and can be carried in the pocket, as it weighs only three ounces. Will shoot shot or bullets with accuracy and force, and with a little practice will kill birds on the wing or bring down a squirrel from the highest tree. It is the best thing out for taxidermists, as it will kill without spoiling game and makes no report. A boy can have more genuine pleasure in a day with a Catapult than with anything else made. The loop, strap, pocket and pulling tip are all moulded in one solid piece of the best kind of rubber. Enclose 15 cents for a three months subscription to "COMFORT" and we send one free, postpaid. Boys make money selling them. One dozen sent for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

POCKET BANKS.



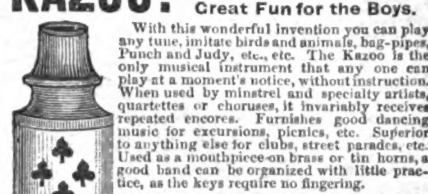
The simplest, smallest and most practical Pocket Banks for the price yet made. One-third smaller than any other bank. Has no screws or bolts to catch in the pocket. Your money is as safe in this bank as any national bank and deposits cannot be withdrawn until the capital has been fully paid in. When bank is filled turn bottom piece from left to right. This bank has met with great favor and is the handsomest cheap pocket bank in the market. Made in three sizes, for Pennies, Nickels and Dimes. Either size only 15 cents each, postpaid. Given free as a premium for 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cts. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Indestructible Stuffed Toys, Free!



WE Will Send Postpaid, one Doll, one Cat, four Kittens, one Globe and one Elephant, to any one sending fifty cents for two years' subscription to COMFORT. These eight wonderful attractive articles and fast selling goods have been so well advertised and our illustration is so complete, that further description would seem needless. The Dolls are eighteen inches high, Cats and Kittens full life size; Elephants and Globes as large as can be conveniently handled. Millions of these goods have been sold the past few months from house to house, at fairs, etc., and agents only need to get samples to judge for themselves which they can handle the most of. Single articles together with three months trial subscription to "COMFORT," fifteen cents each. Four Kittens reckoned as one of other articles. Five of any one or assorted articles for fifty cents. One dozen, one dollar, postpaid. They all come in bright Lithograph colors, heavy goods, and are a great success of the World's Fair year. A delight to youth, middle and old age. The only reason of the low price, is that people stuff them and sew up after receiving, thus they go by mail for low postage. Order at once if you want to either make money or amuse and instruct the young. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

KAZOO! The Great Musical Wonder.



With this wonderful invention you can play any tune, imitate birds and animals, bag-pipes, Punch and Judy, etc., etc. The Kazoo is the only musical instrument that any one can play at a moment's notice, without instruction. When used by minstrel and specialty artists, quartettes or choruses, it invariably receives repeated encores. Furnishes good dancing music for excursions, picnics, etc. Superior to anything else for clubs, street parades, etc. Used as a mouthpiece on brass or tin horns, a good band can be organized with little practice, as the keys require no fingering.

FAVORABLE NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.
"The popularity of the Kazoo as a musical instrument is attested by the fact that Kazoo quartettes and choruses are being generally introduced at entertainments. The Kazoo quartette at the City Hall entertainment recently was recalled six times, and the Kazoo chorus at the Genesee Normal School entertainment received four encores."—"Post Express," Rochester, N. Y.
"A portion of the afternoon's pleasure and amusement was due to a small degree to a small musical instrument, called the 'Kazoo,' with which the musically inclined gentlemen of the party performed in a creditable manner the popular songs of the day."—"It was this little instrument that furnished music for the march to the hotel, and if one might judge by the interest taken in it by the guests on the piazza, it fully sustains the reputation of novelty given it by its inventor."—"Boston Journal."
Price of Kazoo, 12 cents; three for 30 cents. By mail, post-paid. One dozen, by express, \$1.
Given Free as a Premium for 2 yearly subscribers at twenty-five cents each. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EUREKA COIN HOLDER.

It holds over \$5 of silver coin in half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Small, compact and convenient. It will last for a lifetime. A person using one of these holders always has his coin in a compact shape. He can make change in one-half the time usually required, and avoid all liability of dropping or losing it. The merest movement of your thumb and finger pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one of the same denomination immediately takes its place. You can readily make change in winter without removing your gloves. The box is small and portable, the coins being arranged in the most compact manner possible, no superfluous space being wasted. Simple in its construction, and warranted never to get out of order. The above cut is about one-fourth size. It is made from strong metal, highly polished, and possesses every essential quality of a good pocket Coin-Holder. Price 15 cents; two for 25 cents, by mail, postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fun For The Boys.

All the above faces are person, and the wonderfully by our false mustaches and whiskers. For Minstrel Shows, Character Entertainments, etc. Marvelous changes effected in a few seconds. Nothing will alter one's face so completely. A boy can be transformed so that even his heart and to recognize are all made material—genuine giving them a wavy appearance. Can be fastened to the face with wax, allowing them to be moved from the face novel facial adornments at the outlay of a few cents every boy can have his own circus. Mustaches and goatees, in gray, red, light, medium, or dark brown and black, price 7 cents each, four for 25 cents, or 60 cents per dozen. Goatees, 5 cents each, four for 15 cents, or 40 cents per dozen. Beards or Whiskers—white, gray, red, light, medium, or dark brown, and black. Price, Full Beard 60 cents; Whiskers with Mustache, 40 cents; four of either for \$2.00. Any of above goods mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. In ordering, send small lock of hair or state color desired. Address Morse & Co., Box 330, Augusta, Maine.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.



The COMFORT A, B, C DRESS-CUTTING SYSTEM, Free, as a Premium.

Easiest to understand. Best and cheapest. Gives the quickest results with 1-ast trouble. No figuring. No calculations. No blunders. Most correct shape of any system ever devised.

Every lady can learn more at a glance, using this system, than by many hours' study of others. The first trial will secure its adoption. It is equally valuable in the home or to the regular dressmaker. Gives full instructions how every girl and woman can make for herself tasteful and well-fitting dresses, waists, and basques with the greatest ease and speed. Most scientific and exact results with the least measuring.

HERE IS WHAT WE GIVE:

One Regulation Size Differential Chart,
One Dozen Sheets Pattern Paper,
One Well-made Steel Tracing Wheel,
One Regular Dressmaker's Tape Measure.

HOW DOES IT LOOK?

calculated and drafted right on to the chart by experts who have made it a business for twenty years, and PERFORATIONS in the chart at each cutting point show just where YOUR size is to come by simply laying on a piece of COMMON PAPER and tracing along the line with a lead pencil. All you then have to do is to cut your goods by the pattern you have thus manufactured yourself—that is all there is to it. But remember, you will find everything on the chart in shape, style and build of garments you want to use, and if you have old wearing apparel you want to make over into stylish fits, you go by the same system in changing them. It Costs no More to have a STYLISH FITTING GARMENT than a poor one, and you actually save 50 per cent on goods by using our system. It has been studied down to such a fine point by experienced draughtsmen. So it requires no mathematical calculations on your part at all (all other systems require a good deal), you just go by the plans all laid out for you. You will find it so SIMPLE, COMPLETE and PERFECT in all its patterns and departments that it can be acknowledged to be a requisite in EVERY FAMILY, while ALL OTHER CHARTS are so complicated and high-priced that they are entirely worthless to any but the most experienced dressmakers. OURS makes EVERY ONE a dressmaker in ten minutes. The regular price of charts alone is \$2.00.

But to every one who will get up a club of six subscribers for COMFORT at 25 cents per year, each in advance, we will send one of these Comfort Outfits FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of COMFORT to your neighbors, friends, and acquaintance, you can easily get up a club in one evening; for COMFORT, with its many improvements and new, original, copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated. To those who do not care to go to the trouble of getting a club, we will send COMFORT for one year, together with one of these Outfits (all express and mailing charges paid by us) upon receipt of one dollar. This offer holds good for three months only.

Ladies can make lots of money quickly, easily, and pleasantly. Write us at once for terms to agents. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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As is well known, the State of California has long held the belt for furnishing startling facts concerning the effects of the most wonderful climate on earth; and now she comes to the front with the champion hen-hatcher of the age.

About two years ago a man with a mystery made a silent settlement on a small ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. Shortly after his arrival, there came several car-loads of corrugated iron, accompanied by a gang of laborers. These speedily erected a series of curious circular buildings with pointed roofs, upon which the other inhabitants of the valley looked with great curiosity, but as the owner answered every question by a king snother, they soon concluded he must be a Yankee, and, therefore, let him alone.

Among themselves, however, all sorts of wild guesses were made—that he had opened a mine under cover of these buildings, that he was going to set up a gas factory, a moonshine distillery, a cyclorama of the Battle of Bull-Run, or even a private lunatic asylum.

But after a year had elapsed, a good deal of light was thrown upon the mystery by the quiet Yankee commencing to make large shipments of dressed fowls to the San Francisco markets. These chickens soon came into great demand, owing, it is claimed, to a peculiarly attractive flavor, and the epicures and high-livers of the town fairly went wild over them. On the bills of fare of the most expensive and fashionable restaurants, such as The Poodle Dog, and the most exclusively high-toned clubs, like the Bohemian and Pacific, "San Joaquin Spring Chickens" figured as a particularly dainty dish.

The thrifty Yankee prospered from the word go, and as he refused absolutely to sell any eggs, no one could hatch out a rival brood. He built himself a beautiful home with the proverbial Queen Anne front and Mary Ann rear attachment, a private race-track and all that sort of thing, and his newly made friends were always welcome. But none of them ever saw the inside of the grim, windowless iron buildings, and on the subject of chickens their host was as dumb as a wooden Indian.

There still remained another mystery—shipments at regular intervals of strong iron hooped boxes, which were conveyed with great secrecy to the railroad station and sent East by express. It was clear that these did not contain dressed fowls; for, even California hens won't keep outside of a refrigerator car after they are once defunct.

This thing might have gone on forever had it not been for a little accident, which shows that even an insignificant tramp may upset the best laid plans—or eggs—that ever were hatched. All this particular tramp did was to steal a ride and get himself run over on the way East. This caused the train to be side tracked, a rear collision occurred, in which the express car was ditched, and, among other mishaps, a mysterious iron bound box was smashed. It was addressed to a man down in Pennsylvania, and contained 48 1-2 dozen of crows' heads.

A bit of quiet investigation showed that a little Yankee thrift, together with scientific experiments in hen-hatching and cross-breeding, had produced a fowl that proved a fortune in feathers, and that what the epicures of San Francisco had been smacking their lips over was, in reality, a new fangled kind of domesticated crow.

The proprietor of this novel business had stations in the East in various States where the bounty on crows' heads was high, and, while at one end of the line he sold dressed spring chickens at a \$1 apiece; at the other he disposed of crows' heads at 50c. per scalp.

The enterprising hen ranchman disappeared bag and baggage the day before the facts came out, and it is now rumored that he is located in Chicago, with a contract in his inside pocket for furnishing certain of the World's Fair restaurants with patent sandwiches, which, it is strongly hinted, will bear investigation.

Democratic visitors to Chicago will, therefore, do well to insist upon having their chickens served with heads on, as their days for eating crow are over—for four years at least.

If the World's Fair should prove a disappointment, it will be because it does not, up to the present writing, contain an exhibit of artificial, self-adjusting, razor-edged, boarding-house teeth, such as visitors to summer resorts have been praying for ever since enterprising butchers began cutting steaks from between cow's horns, and Yankee ingenuity patented the India rubber pie-crust.

Until some jaw-smith invents a vest-pocket edition of this useful adjunct to human happiness, foreign friends will kindly eat here and die at home.

ALTHOUGH the Fair is slow in opening, it is already evident that distant relatives who live in Chicago will be more distant than ever this summer—to their country cousins.

It will not be the first time that city people who just dote on their country relatives during the fresh vegetable and fruit season, are quite unable to remember them after they get back to town; or, if they do, the spare room is "already occupied," which makes them feel so sorry.

AMONG other discoveries which Columbus never dreamed of, but for which he is nevertheless responsible, are two bran new diseases. They are caused by licking the gum stickum with which the new Columbian postage stamps are plastered on the envelopes, and are known to the profession as Shriveled tongue and Paralyzed palate. The symptoms are a peculiar dryness in the mouth accompanied by a wild longing for something wet. According to the official report of the Royal

Balloon Society, in handling the correspondence of a medium sized business house somebody has to lick, in the course of a month, one and three-fourths acres of "Landings," half an acre of "Discoveries," to say nothing of the ground covered at the "Court of Isabella" and the extra licks on "The Savages."

In the advanced stages of these new disorders, sufferers are said to become totally speechless, and Eli Perkins may now be expected to say that many merchants are already getting their wife's mothers to come down to the office to stamp their letters.

PEOPLE with poor memories have tried a thousand and one devices to remind them of things they don't want to forget. One of the oldest is to tie a knot in the handkerchief, and this simple little scheme has led to one of the most ingenious inventions of modern times. It is the Fringed Night Shirt, and visitors to Chicago should be on the lookout for it.

It seems that a member of the Boston Society for the Propagation of Personal Pride, who is never so brilliant as when he is asleep, has oftentimes been struck so forcibly by an idea as to wake right up in the middle of the night. Being of a thrifty make-up, this man naturally wants to hold on to everything that comes his way, and hates to part with even his own thoughts. For years it was his custom, therefore, whenever an idea awoke him, to draw from the pocket of his night robe a handkerchief, carefully knot it, and go peacefully to sleep again.

But ideas began to multiply, and so did his pockets, until at last he found himself literally tied up in knots upon awaking in the morning. It was in this emergency that his young wife came to the rescue with the new memory maker, that will go down into history with a blaze of glory. Instead of the multitude of pockets and handkerchiefs, it is now only necessary, when a new thought is born, to tie it into the fringe with a lover's knot. As might be expected, the device is—like woman herself—ornamental as well as useful, and the romantic halo which hangs over that happy couple as, every morning, they sit in dreamy negligence unravelling the bright ideas from the forget-me-knots, is said to be too sweetly sacred for the outside world. In other words, when the fringed night shirt comes in, the knotted kerchief goes out.

A POST-OFFICE ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

P. M. General Bissell has established a post-office on the exposition grounds of the World's Fair at Chicago, and from it letters will be distributed by carriers, and collected the same as in Chicago itself. This station at the Fair will be the proper place to have all mail directed until visitors know exactly where they will be located in Chicago. Afterwards, if the visitor desires his mail sent elsewhere, he can leave an order at the Fair P. O. and it will be forwarded. From this office money-orders will be paid and registered letters delivered, the same as in any large P. O. It will be a great convenience to all visitors, as they can obtain their mail each day on the grounds. All mail intended to be called for at this post-office on the grounds should be addressed to "World's Fair Station, Chicago, Ill."

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